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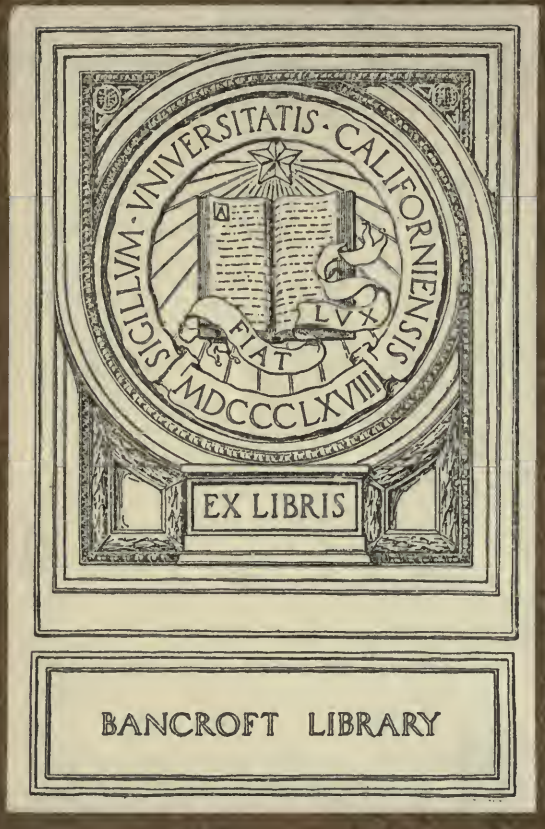
Campbell. "Historia." To the Golden State.



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HISTORIA

Quarterly--By W. Campbell, in Charge of the Oklahoma Historical Society

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TO THE GOLDEN STATE THROUGH LANDS THAT LIE BETWEEN

Without notes, memory alone must serve in this story. The exact dates are not given. The "Traveler" is substituted for the pronoun "I" and conventional "we."

FOR his first vacation in seventeen years the custodian decided to visit the Pacific coast, about the only section of the United States he had never visited. The start was made via the Santa Fe, July 11, first stop being at Newton, Kansas, where he enjoyed a brief visit with Editor Napier of The Kansan, and to whom in 1903 the writer sold the Newton Journal, taking the Cheney Sentinel in part payment. Soon after this, John Mack who ran The Kansan, was appointed to an agricultural position in the Philippines, and Mr. Napier then assumed management of The Kansan, selling the Journal to other parties.

Mr. Napier is a thorough newspaper man and has kept The Daily Kansan fully up to a metropolitan standard.

About one hundred miles or so out came the first halt after leaving Newton, this being a through train. Thus far the Traveler had occupied the smoker, but now taking advantage of the stop, decided to move his baggage to the day coach—next car in front. Just as he opened the door leading to the vestibule he noticed a young woman hurriedly edging her way to the coach platform which she quickly ascended without waiting for the usual assistance by the porter. In one hand is a bandana handkerchief in which it later developed are bundled her only belongings. Her manner is all the mort noticeable as when edging her way to the coach platform she kept casting her eyes this way and that, and as soon as she reaches the platform she makes a hasty dive into the coach as if avoiding someone, and becomes invisible until after near another hundred mile post had been passed. Meantime the Traveler finds a seat on the isle end a couple of seats from the forward one. Beside him next the window is a woman of perhaps forty years of age, and the seat just in front is occupied by a woman next the window and a man with the appearance of a drummer at the isle end. His seatmate is rather a trim figure, in a wardrobe of Parisian effect including a loud and gorgeously-trimmed head-gear. Her face is on the thin order, sufficiently dished, with nose and chin in close communion; of somewhat attractive appearance withal—at first sight. This isle end occupant who, for want of a more appropriate name will be known as Mr. Drum, and the other—forces recognition as Mrs. Gab, both of whom are well up in a play-way to comport with their aliases. Mr. D., who had evidently but recently boarded the train, at least the day coach, begins at once a typical drummer campaign with foul pieces in ready motion. He presents a card. This is scanned a moment and then—with wide eyes and a smile of joy—"Indeed, I am pleased to meet you; my name is Snodgrass—Lizzie Snodgrass—no!—MISS," with an emphasis on the "Miss." "Ah, Lizzie—shall I call you that?" "Why, bless you—I like to be called "Lizzie," as she nudges and smiles. It proves an uneven game, for Mr. Drum can scarcely wedge in a word. She is a real gabber from Gabriel. "Now, I am sure the way will not be lonesome. I am not much of a talker, you see, but I love to listen, and—(crowding still closer), and I am sure you will be so entertaining and—where did you say you were from? Oh, yes. Are you on a pleasure trip or—or—on business? Do you expect to be gone long? To meet someone—a lady of course?" as she pauses just long enough to look roguish, with an elbow nudge. "Or"—as she primpts and hesitates, "your wife—" Wife? Alas? as he sighs, "I have never met her yet until—" There is a blush and a handkerchief flirt. Thus the gab, gab, gab, without stint or let up. Now my new companion has dropped into a doze, her head resting on the seat back. As the doze lengthens, her head begins losing its moorings until resting—I had, after an invariable custom, my left arm stretched on the seat back, and first thing I knew a head of beautiful hair was snugged up against my bosom, and involuntarily the stretched out arm made a circle. Just then the conductor came along, and as I had changed coaches he reached out for ticket. I had left in the check in the window jam of the smoker, the fact of course I convinced the man with a punch. Giving finger flips—"Your wife—" but he discovered her check in the window jam and passed on. At the word "wife" the pair in front looked gossip at each other, then each sat back stark and stiff. "My wife!" Looking down into a really lovable countenance, a loud trace of past trials seaming up through the sunlight playing over her face. A slight lurch of the coach awakens the sleeper, and with embarrassed stare she arouses, and endeavors to square herself and regain bearings. "I beg your pardon,

Juarez Scene—See Page 13.

sir," says she while adjusting her hair in an effort to recover composure. "I failed to secure a Pullman and have slept scarcely a wink for—nearly forty-eight hours." "No pardon is due—in fact it was a pleasure to pillow—with

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regret in fact that the jar awakened you so soon. Then, "my wife?" for the moment the Traveler fairly wished it could have been spoken in verity. She is a well-preserved woman of perhaps forty summers, with a really beautiful face, made more so through a modest expression born of womanly nobility; not pretty, but lovable, with a self reserve that comports with those shades of past trials; which now and then seams up through the sunshine ever in play over her countenance. And as the Traveler sits there his mind drifts back—yonder in the years of long ago. Like dreams wherein time is timeless and there is no space. For that moment his soul wings away from its tenemant of mortal, and in vision appears two souls in sweet communion, and bonded unity wandering beneath a bow of promise, in the measurable; not the ecstacy of youthful passion so often fickle, but of that mature cast that is most deep, earnest and that never dies. Along luring paths fringed with blooming shrubs, now resting on a rustic bench in the shade of flower hursts laden with sweet breaths of summer bloom. At their feet a fountain sprays up from the center of a minature lake harboring numerous pond lillies; beyond and near through the fragrant copse a glimpse of the broad sea with its hooded shores riding here and there the billowy crests, and the moon in pale radiance hanging low in the blue depths, and dancing with the diamond-set crystal beyond the farther rim of ocean, and her image mirrored waves. His eyes the moment on vacant space and mind in the silence of awe born in fruition of life's ardent hope, one hand clasping a small volume minus its cover which had been torn away. Her eyes a moment fixed admiringly on the fountain and cream-tinted lilies, then off through rent seams of intervening coppage out upon a blue expanse on romping waters. "Seasame and Lillie," she lisps in solus mood, soft and low, yet so audible that it brought the Traveler from the reverie in which he had fallen, and involuntarily, unwisely he echoes in soloquizing tone just above a whisper—to himself—"Seasame and Lillies." Then recovering. "Why—what choice taste in literature." "Well, I don't know. I am not much of a reader, this being the extent of my library," with a faint smile. "Ruskin seems to have been a family heir-loom which I must have inherited. See," as she pointed to a time-dimmed signature on the lower margin of the title page. "That is my mother's name in her own hand. This volume was her companion and she was never without it. So, you see, it is indeed an heir-loom and is the only thing I have by which I know I ever had a mother." In sections the story of her past was gradually unreeled.

Now returning to the twain in the seat in front. That effeminate voice still in evidence roling from that swiveled tongue. Evidently Mr. Drum is slightly weary of it, which probably Miss Gab discovers, for she turns her voice-tattry diagonally across to the Traveler sitting there and enjoying the lingual shower with about the same comfort the street unchin enjoys a cold bath by grandma. Like the proverbial manger story; though Mr. Drum had seeming his plenty he didn't want any one else to have a chance; or was it out of sympathy, and he would save the trials through which he has gone? And every time Miss Gab cranes over the seat back he figits. Finally he turns and poking his face almost into the Travelers: "Perhaps we had better change seats." Then shifting with vamp evidence he seeks to engage the Traveler's seat companion, but she simply sat stoic and totally ignored him.

Now, across the aisle a gentleman has the window end, the aisle portion vacant. Into this Mr. Drum slides. The seat back of this is vacant, about this time a young woman brushes in and seats herself next the window and crouched low with her face screened by a folded newspaper as if endeavoring to hide from being observed. Is it that the conductor might overlook her? Is she escaping from some prison or reform school or from pursuing officers, or what? The Traveler noticing that his seat-companion shows drowsy signs he suggests that he would be pleased to surrender, and proffering his overcoat as head-rest, takes the aisle end of the seat beside the mysterious figure who proved to be the same who boarded the train and mysteriously disappeared as previously related. Meantime Miss Gab shoves to the aisle end of the seat just vacated by Mr. Drum. Not in the least bluffed she keeps up her talky-talk as she cranes across the aisle, now and then catching the recreant Mr. Drum by the arm to make him set up and take notice. He evidently endeavoring to smother that flame for some other, anyone. Finally he turns to the mystery occupant and impertinently pulls her paper screen aside peering down into her face. Just then there is a tinge of ire in the Traveler's make-up and it takes more courage to avoid a scene than to risk once. The young woman looked up and then dives lower and draws her screen closer. Finally the Traveler becomes more curious than discreet, and fairly unconscious of it, tips the screen sufficiently to catch a glimpse of the face of the stranger, who is perhaps 20, possibly a few years older, complexion slightly rouged with outdoor life, but clean and clear without a blotching mar; large lustrous brown eyes inclined to the dreamy. Her hair a wealth of flowing silky raven, just a trifle wavy. At this juncture Mr. Drum makes another venture by again tipping the screen at which she again gives him a withering stare as her large eyes flash a fiery resentment, as she reaches beneath her front dress uncovers and seizes hold of what turned out to be a polished five-inch steel dagger with ivory hilt and silver guards. Confession is made that a sort of cold perspiration came over the Traveler, but conquering his feelings he simply asks in as unconcerned way as possible under the circumstances why she carries that ugly thing. "He will find out if he does that way to me again," she fairly hisses with a side-glance savagely toward Mr. Drum who has turned his face to the tune of Miss Gab who has him by the arm in the midst of a word-volly, something about how lonesome she would have been if—." "Surely one so beautiful, so charming and so,"—there she reaches down again beneath her front lacings, and for the moment the Traveler's heart forgets its harmonious throb; but it is not a dagger this time, only a crumpled bit of paper. The Traveler takes the wrinkles out, and to his amazement there is a title page—"Seasame and Lillies!" "No," she says, reaching for the paper, which she turns and hands back, on the reverse side in neat script a copy of the Gypsy's Warning. Then looking up in seeming confidence: "Of course I would not use that," and she grasps again the silver hilt, "only so many men think a poor girl is for their sport; but Veva—that is why I keep this." Then in a voice sweet though tinged with sad sighs," Maybe I have to quit this way." She points the dagger toward her bosom. Just at this point the conductor makes appearance and after finding the Traveler's check reaches for a ticket from the crouching girl, at the same time tapping her on the shoulder. With a faint fright she looks up into the conductor's face and then into the Traveler's. There is a quiver of the lips and her eyes are of the most passionate pleading, just a bit of evidence of past falling tears and little crystal globes stealing down each cheek. "Ticket," says the conductor as he gives the thin-veiled arm a shake that amounts almost to a pinch. She draws back in fairy fright, then reaching up emploringly, "Please, Mr. conductor; I—I have no ticket." She is then asked where she was going at which she scans pathetically first the Traveler and then at the Conductor. "Come, I have no time to fool away. Ticket of pay—or—" "No! no! I have no ticket, no money; don't, please, don't put me off!" With this she takes the Traveler's arm gently and with a pleading more eloquent than uttered words. When he looked into those streaming eyes and fairly shared in the tremor of that sweet voice and the questioning quiver of her lips his soul went out at once—first in that pity that bids to sympathy which is so often the key to a tender heart—aye, ripening into unconscious love. "Where are suring tone. "I don't know—anywhere—anywhere—don't you going, my little girl?" was enquired in a low and as-please don't let him put me off," and she buried her face in her hands on the velvet seat back in front of her. The

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conductor was handed a bill and told to take out for Palmer Lake, which he did, gave the usual punched receipt, remarking that "Your ticket is for Denver." "That is none of your affair," in rather meaning tone, and the conductor passed on. Very soon the strange little woman seemed to impose full confidence in the Traveler, at the same time kept watching, with a slight startle whenever any new person entered the coach and occasionally dodging down in the seat as if to avoid being discovered.

The story would be too long and tedious for full recital; hence, hoping to give it in greater detail some time in the future, only a bare gist is given here.

She had retained family memories as her mother recited and re-recited them, and through scraps of paper she had through all the years managed to keep. She said in part that her grandfather's name was Victor Emanuel Ventrola: that her grandmother, from whom her daughter "my mother," she said, inherited her name, was known as Lady Ventrola. They belonged to the old Italian nobility who taught their children that the unforgivable crime was to do any sort of work or associate with any of the common herd. Her mother, therefore, reared in idle luxury until young womanhood. One evening a roving Gypsy minstrel turned his voice loose under the father's mansion window, with guitar accompaniment. He was rather of the higher of rovers, dressed in rich silks in the gypsy minstrel fashion and possessed a rare contralto voice. He made his way, however, by just such musical turns, relying upon the pennies and dimes, and not unfrequently larger sums tossed him. A clandestine glance brought the two young people's eyes in a focus on each other, and from that on young took the wrinkles out, and to his amazement there is a Galvini was so frequently seen beneath that mansion window that the parents harshly ordered him from the premises, and to never show himself in that vicinity again. Result was—stealing from the parental room to hold secret trysts, wanderings along silent paths, occasionally out to the camp of the roving band where she was soon looked upon as one of their own caste, Young Galvani taught her to play the guitar, to beat the tamborene, to sing short gypsy sketches and dance the camp whirls. Finally the tongue of gossip reached the parental ear, and—the poor little bewitched girl was cast from the family roof as an outcast, to be ever after shunned by her old associates as one beneath their countenance. She had dared to mingle with a class below her station, with one, worst of all, without that blood which courses alone in the veins of effete nobility. For a time she secured work at various resorts singing and doing musical and dance turns, thence to the street as a flower girl. Result, a marriage with the young roving minstrel.

Meantime she had saved up enough to start him up with a small fruit and flower stand. But after a few weeks the husband took suddenly ill and died within a few days. This left the young wife absolutely stranded except the little fruit and flower stand which she sold and with the proceeds took passage on an emigrant steamer for America. On landing at Castle Garden she was ordered returned as an undesirable person, being without visible means of support. But at a fortunate moment one of those kindly charitable souls who through curiosity happened to be at the Castle Garden wharf to see the landing of emigrants from every part of the world. For some reason she became attracted by the young woman, and with her characteristic spirit of kindness induced the officials to trust the young woman to her care, pointing out that her condition forbade deportation. She was taken to a wholesome though unpretentious house in the suburbs and cared for until after the birth of her child—the present Veva, and until strong enough to do light work, first in the family, then as a waitress at a city restaurant, little Veva being cared for in the meantime by the kindly woman at the humble home. Being yet young, of more than passing beauty and attraction, intellectual, withal, she was soon given charge of the cash register. Not long subsequently a young burly double-fisted fellow with savage jaws put in an appearance and was employed as a sort of bouncer—to see that no one got away without putting up. A strange infatuation sprang up between the two—not on his part, but on hers, and notwithstanding there was no line in common in their looks, their intellectual qualities, their dispositions, their likes and dislikes, a marriage resulted in both being unceremoniously fired. Dan Carter—that was the name of the duffer, secured a small shack where he took his wife and Veva, farming the former out first at one place and then another, zealously appropriating her small wage as fast as it came in, which he spent in debauch and riot with the three accompanying graces known around the bar as cards, wine and women. This life of drudge and cruelty at last became so unbearable that the frail wife, who had secretly hidden away enough of her earnings to take her to the west, decided to make the venture. Accordingly when one evening she laid off from work and quietly bundled her belongings, Carter came home with his usual savage grin, and flopped on the bed in a maudling stupor. Taking advantage of his plight she quietly gathered her bundle with one hand and little Veva with the other, made her way to the rural station. She intended making her way into the Colorado mountains where she might be more reasonably safe from pursuit; for she felt sure Carter would leave no stone unturned to locate her, not that he cared other than for the wage she could bring in on which to keep up his debauches.

It was found that her scant fund would only secure fare to Garden City, Kansas, to which point she was landed in due course of time, sleeping in the chair car on the way, and living on a scanty lunch prepared before leaving. On landing at Garden City it was evening and the sun was just sinking in a blaze of firy red betokening one of those sand storms which not unfrequently rose in that region as if on the wings of instant fiat, so furious and fierce and driving that no eye could penetrate nor human feet pass through. The only other person on the platform was a man of perhaps 40 years of age who noticing the strange woman with a child made bold to ask her if she expected to meet friends. In a sort of evasive "yes," the woman gathered her bundle in one hand and little Veva in the other. But her uncertain manner, vague wandering her eyes about was at once interpreted, but without venturing the suspicion she was asked if she would accept aid in reaching a hotel, to which she gave assent in a voice and manner that but added to the gentleman's suspicions. He took her bundle and in a few paces stopped in front of a hotel offering to escort her in. But here she hesitated, looking around in a sort of bewildered puzzle. "Isn't there a—a—cheaper place?" she stammered, at which little Veva whispered to her mother. She had saved up a few pennies, dimes and quarters, and this is what she whispered to her mother.

Her new benefactor now completely sized the situation, but still hid it behind a kindly semblance. "I am sure you must be very tired," he said, "and if you will accept it I will be glad to have you stop over the night at my home only a short distance away. I know you will find it much more comfortable than at the stuffy over-crowded hotel." It is unnecessary to say that her first night was spent under the only friendly roof that had sheltered her for many moons. She was received with the utmost welcome and given tender care by the mistress of the cozy western home. A sumptous supper was all ready in waiting except a couple of extra plates. Sumpuous—for that region of drouths and hopper invasions where little sustain life was raised except big onions and jack rabbits. Nothing would do but the strange woman should remain until she fully recovered from her tiresome ride. And thus for several weeks she insisted on doing a share of the house chores. Little Veva was now but seven years of age, yet so mother-trained in womanly deportment she might have been taken for a child of at least ten, if not a couple of years older. Her new benefactors had recently lost their only child, a daughter about Veva's age. To say that she at once became a pet, a near substitute for their lost Vivian in the affections and fond heart-place of both benefactors. "I don't know how I could ever have forgotten the name of one who was so

kind, but some how I have never been able to recall it. I know it began with a "C", said the young woman as she related her story on the train, "that he was deeply pitted with pock marks. Homely? Perhaps, the outer contours of the face; but through that shone the sunlight of such pure nobleness of character which could only radiate from a kind and generous heart, that japaned the unfortunate scars of fate." In this connection, the description tallies well with C. G. Coutant who in the earliest days of Garden City ran one of the town newspapers and promoted her street railway system, subsequently moving to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he became State librarian. If still alive, and he gets sight of this Historia, we will no doubt hear from him.

On leaving for the West the mother reversed her name to Trola Ventro, finally dropping all but the Trola.

Trola recalled vividly among the photos on the walls of the home library three of special prominence. One was a bust photo of a middle-aged man in uniform, underneath which was written the word "Hunter" from which she assumed he must have been some famous hunter. Another was a standing figure in long buffalo skin coat and cap of same, at his side, the stock end resting on the ground, was a long gun. Another figure was a fine looking athletic young man in a long Prince Albert, a broad-brimmed hat with large cord end tassel band; high-top boots, leather belt with cartridges and a revolver in leather sheath at his side; long raven hair and imperial moustache, of military bearing. Beside him was a richly caparisoned charges with rifle swung across the saddle. These may have been Gen. Hunter who had headquarters at Garden City in the early days. The others may have been Col. Cody and Buffalo Jones who also in our pioneer days had his headquarters in that section.

Two other young men made occasional visits at the editor's home—one named Short and the other known only as "Bat"; but her mother cautiously avoided meeting either of them. They were understood to be scouts of some sort and she feared lest they might be emisaries of Carson. Bat Masterson was awild and reckless lad who had found a deputy marshalship with headquarters at Garden City where he added nine notches to his gun stock. A near associate was another sprig named Luke Short who also held a detective commission about that time. Masterson subsequently went to New York where Roosevelt pinned a marshal's star on him which he wore, leaving gun-play laurels for several years, and where he died October 24, just past. Short hooked up with Col. Cody in the wild west ranch business. It is scarcely probable that when the other two young robusts met at the editor's home

About two miles out in the hilly breaks resided Frederick Keller known there as "Cabin Fritz," from the fact that he occupied the only typical frontier cabin still standing in that section. Fritz's father was a curbstone broker about Wall Street who went down with the crash caused by the Stone railroad strike of 1889, culminating in what Republicans called the "Cleveland panic of 1893." Young Fritz had never known toil but was allowed to spend his days at college where football, tennis and questionable sports prevail; where to spend dad's money in having an idle rollicky time of fast life, make up the mental menu. But the crash soon sent young Fritz out into a merciless world to shift as best he could. He at once conquered the spirit of pride and gathered on to whatever his hands found to do until he had enough to take him where Greeley suggested. Landing in Garden City when the country was new he secured a claim in these hilly breaks of the Arkansas, so rocky and cut with ravines that it went a begging until he discovered it. Along the ravines were occasional margins of shaperel and other small brush while on the hillsides and crests were occasional muskeet or post oak which gave the premises a somewhat rustic and romantic aspect. Trola had heard the family speak of Fritz so often and with such generous praise that unconsciously she began to search her longings. What manner of man he must be. Intellectual, or after the usual novelist painting of Western young robusts. Was he coarse and vulgar, or gentle and refined? The latter, she unconsciously reasoned, else her kindly benefactors would not speak of him in such unbroken terms of compliment. In the course of a few weeks Fritz was invited out to the editor's home for dinner, where two pair of eyes for the first time met, and there was a mutual exchange of portentious glances. After this, Fritz was not an unfrequent caller at the editor's home, until—one day Fritz put in an appearance, this time in a buckboard drawn by a pretty sleek pony. He was met as usual at the roadside where a season of conversation ensued. On returning into the house the madam was told something—to the effect that Friz was on the eve of taking a trip back to his old home, that he would like much tohave someone take care of his cabin during his absence, with a diffident insinuation that he would prefer a young woman. The idea at once struck the madam of the home as promising, not that she wanted to get rid of her agreeable visitor, especially little Veva. When the husband came home at noon the matter was again brought up, and he heartily joined his wife in favor of the idea. The young visitor seemed in doubt as to the propriety of her taking such a venture, and yet she had learned to believe, at least, that Fritz was more than a common young man, and that he could be trusted, aye, with her life if it should come to that. She was also assured by her benefactors that they had known Fritz from the moment he struck the West; that he was all through a man, gentleman born and that quality self-cultured; that though diffident and never known to so much as speak to any young woman of that section although there was not a few who would have staked their very soul on him. She was assured that she need have no hesitancy; that she would be as safe under his thatched roof as if he were her own son. Son? Brother sounded better. As a consequence, Fritz was again in front of the editor's home next evening near the set of sun, ready to take Trola and Veva to his cabin. She, however, flatly declined to go for the first time at night. She would prefer to land by day so that she would have time to size up the situation which she could abandon by the light should things not look as they should. Fritz when next morning was suggested, quite agreed that she was right and would have apologized had he known how. Next morning bright and early found Mrs. Trola installed as mistress of the "Cabin Fritz." There being but one room with only a corner curtained off for a larder and a sheet partition cutting off a bed section, Fritz surrendered the cabin to his new housekeeper and Veva, while he slept under an improvised brush-covered shed near by. As it never or seldom rained in that section, a roof was only needed as a shelter from the scorching noon rays, hence all outdoors with the starry lamps of heaven shining down was an open lounge. Veva soon became a very pet with Fritz. Scarcely a day passed that she did not accompany him to the field or on the rabbit hunt. She soon learned to ride the pony which grew fond of her; learned to milk, and feed the chicks, in fact soon grew into a very prairie flower, full of that roving, romping spirit which she had evidently inherited. She would wander through the ravines and gather blossoms and mix them in a wreath with wild flowers for "Daddy Fritz" as she called him. On one trip to the city Fritz bought Veva a tambourine which to his surprise the mother could handle in the gypsy fashion with exceedingly nimble whirls interspersed with sweet song in a soft and captivating voice. But between the mother and Fritz, who had abandoned his trip back home idea, not an over-familiar passage ever occurred, no word of that which was secretly burning within each breast, until—one evening the two were seated at the table opposite each other. For a few moments there was a reign of solemn silence, soon broken, however, by Fritz, who drew his chair rather familiarly near, at which she arose, and dissembling any pique at this the first and for reasons the least touch of familiarity, she took a seat farther away. If Fritz realized that he had made a breach, he failed to show it; but leaning over the table remarked that "Of your past I know nothing. I never inquired, nor did you ever broach it—" "Nor is the past a

matter of concern—now nor ever, betwen us," she interrupted. "But I must say something—" he again ventured "I know that—" shifting: "I never knew what is was to be a young woman cast on the world alone. But I do know what it is to be cast alone on the world a mere stripling boy reared in idleness and pampered, petted and spoiled." A suppressed sigh from either side of the dividing line closed the incident.

One day Fritz made his pony ready in the buckboard and asked his new housekeeper if she would not like to go with him to the city, where he wanted to do some trading. After a slight hesitanoy she decidcd to go; hence with little Veva they left for town only a couple of miles away. There they took lunch at a restaurant, in the midst of which a tough bronzed seedy-looking hobo entered and leaning over the counter asked for a hand-out. Just at this moment he happened to glance toward Fritz and his companions. Meantime she had already caught sight of the tough-looking individual, at which there was a shrinking back, with a frightened stare that alarmed Fritz who sought to console. The amaze was soon smothered by a forced smile of dissembling. The hobo again leaned over the counter and with a mean and savage side-glance made some inquiry, and with a sandwich ambled out, to the visible relief of Trola, hoping that he had not recognized her. It was—Don Carson. The home-going was all but a serene one—so far as the woman was concerned, as she kept glancing back until safely within the cabin; and even here there might have been noticed by anyone less diffident than Fritz, a slightly uneasy manner.

It was that hour darkest before day when Trola was awakened by what sounded like soft foot-pads. On arousing the light turned down was suddenly snuffed out—not by the wind, because none was stirring. Just as she slipped from bed and drew the curtain a dark shadow darted from the open door. With mother instinct backed by her own suspicions she immediately rushed back to the bed. The little nest was still warm, but Veva had disappeared.

Hurrying to the shed young Moro was nervously shaken and on arousing was told what had happened; but not given the suspicions of the mother. There was a frantic two-and-fro search without avail in the hour before day. On the first peep of light Fritz mounted his pony and started off in search, the mother in wild yet intuitive darted for the city. Here she learned that a man in a spring wagon had passed through there only a few minutes previous; that he was holding a small child in front of him that he had started to cross the Arkansas which at tha t point is near a half mile wide, but with scarcely any water except when some sudden wall would come rumbling down in a roll carrying everything before it. And just then a roaring sound indicated that the avalanche was sweeping down the river; that an attempt to cross meant certain death in the engulfing flood which subsided never under a week or so.

* * * After the dark ride to the river Vena's first realization was when she found herself in a clump of brush on the river bank looking up into the face of a young man who was smoothing back her hair and rubbing her hands to bring back flown life. Gathering her up he carried her some distance to a small grove in which was a spring and a band of roving Gypsies in camp. The little waif was treated with tenderest care, and soon became the pet of the camp and measurably reconciled. Dolor Galvini—this was the young man who had found and rescued her on the river bank, became her constant companion, and many a story of their little remance where love's first dream sets in might be told. The Sequel was little Veva for some years lead a roving Gypsy life, until old enough to dance and beat the tambourine, first for the amusement of the camp, and then for the amusement of visitors. Added to this, she would sell flowers, often wild ones of the prairie or blossoms from the river margin copse, and which, owing to the bewitching beauty of the little waif now grown almost to young womanhood would be readily purchased, and often a lavish hand would contribute. She was allowed to retain a goodly portion of all her earnings until she had accumulated quite a sum. Meantime Carson had assumed the role of Gyp, and one day put in an appearance at the camp where Veva was. He at once recognized her, and laid claim to her as his own daughter treating her with brutal harshness except when others were in evidence, and then he would make all kinds of affectionate pretenses. All the others of the camp, however, treated the little waif with that consideration which amounted to fondness; especially did young Dolor, who was at her side at all times except when Carson was about, at which time he had to keep safe distance. Visitors were frequent and at times quite numerous at the camp, little Veva always the central figure with her dancing to the tambourine and little song sketches in Gypsy lines, the "Gypsy's Warning," manner then and musical feats having acquired a sweet and melodious voice, tinged with just enough sadness to make it all the more captivating. One evening Carson was missing from the camp, by no means discomforting to other members who had little use for him and his brutal spirit, enduring him only because he claimed to be the father of their precious little idol of the tambournine and conservatory. While to little Veva and Dolor, it spelt more than pleasure, a relief, a joy, and each hoped the worst might befall him. It was subsequently learned that Carson had been involved in a dissolute brawl and been lodged in the jail at Pueblo. Feeling that as soon as Carter got out he would be with the camp again, arrangements were made for Dolor to conduct Veva to Pueblo near-by and secure a safe place for her, at least temporarily. Here she was taken to a small tenement in the lowlands on the river front where she was taken in and kindly treated by the lone occupant, a comely woman of perhaps fifty years. There was a fond attachment at once, a motherly affection on the one hand and a child's love for a mother on the other. This woman once had a child so like the little stranger and the little waif had recollections of a mother so like this kindly woman. Meantime Carson was not idle, but made unceasing search, winding up at the little tenement on the river front. Here the sight of that brutal face brought horror to the astonished woman. From Veva's description she at once recognized that it was Don Carson who claimed to be her father. With a swadling, stalky stride and prize-ring grimace he approached the fear-stricken woman and seizing her savagely by the wrists demanded the whereabouts of Veva, who on discovering the brutal presence, sought a hiding place under a nearby clump of bushes which hung over the river bank. All manner of torture was threatened if the whereabouts of Veva wasn't at once told. The consequence can only be suggested had not young Dolor just at this moment appeared on the scene, having quietly kept watch over the little domicile. Nearby was another small tenement in which resided another lone occupant, a comely woman also perhaps 50 years of age. During the time Veva was there she had learned sufficient of the waif's story to know that her near neighbor was the mother, but this she kept dark until carson had disappeared after a severe pummeling by young Dolor. Veva was restored to her mother.

Repeatedly after this Veva was knidnapped by Carson and taken first to one mountain camp and another—he not daring to ever show up again among the Gypsies who fairly mourned the loss of their litle fairy waif. But each time with the aid of young Dolor she had escaped.

Veva and her mother were alone in the small box tenement when the recent Pueblo flood reached that city. Higher and higher rose the waters until the shack was some feet under water. Higher and higher. They sought the roof when the night was dark. Soon down went the shack borne upon the angry current the twain perched on the roof comb, now veering on one side then on the other, caught in an eddy sent in a dizzy whirl, at last striking against a summerged tree the shack parted. The mother fell into the mad jaws of the howling pool while Veva clutched a limb just as the divided house was carried down stream with a mad rush. She clung with death grip to the slender limb which swayed in the stiff breeze and the driv-

ing storm until every moment the slender twigs dipped lower until they fairly swept the boisterous torrent below. She decided that she could but go down to death in the stream of her own will or soon be hurled to it by the surrendering limbs. She therefore decided to make the plunge striking a rift of rubbish that had collected near the shore. Here she found a floating railroad tie to which she clung with death-grip in an effort to pilot it around the drift and thus reach safety ground. About this time another tree-lodger came to the same determination; but just as he was in the act of diving down to—he didn't know where, the little raft with its lone occupant, now breasting the tie, now clinging desperately to it with two white hands as her hair floated out on the crested foam. Intuitively he made for the raft. No matter who—it was some human soul in distress. Reaching the raft he successfully steered it to a lower rift where were other railroad ties butting in, as it were, and fortunately a bit of rope was also lodged. With this he managed to lash a couple of ties together, and soon he and his charge were safe on shore land. This new savior proved to be none other than Young Dolor, come as if sent by Providence. It is needless to repeat all Veva said as to the ecstacy of the timely though unexpected reunion. The joy was heightened when, as Veva said, Dolor told her of that while on his night vigil over the Trola home the flood came, logs and all manner of rubbish and small tenements began a migration down the rapid stream. Very soon after he noticed an evidently young man carrying some woman from the waters to high ground, but just then the great rumbling main column drove down like an avalanche sweeping him into the top branches of a tree from which he made the plunge referred to ;and besides, it being rather dark, he caught but a mere glimpse of the rescuing scene. But somehow he associated the woman with Veva's mother.

Assisting little Viva from the car, the Traveler involuntarily takes one of her hands in his, with his other resting gently on her shoulder and which gradually finds its way about her waist as he gazes off in seeming blank abstraction. He looks down into her large brown eyee gazing so fondly pathetic into his then inadvertantly a movement off, biting his lips as if suppressing some intruding fit of emotion. Then again down into that upturned face as two white arms reach almost emploringly up, and in sweet whispering, "Would it be wrong for Veva?" Here she indicates that she would like the return of the bit of paper she handed him while in the car and in which he had secretly slipped a small amount of currency. As the time for parting comes, the Traveler finds one hand gently grasping Veva's velvet left while his right rests gently about her shoulder. "You will write Veva? No! No—she does not know where she go, unless—" And unleasing from him she gives a wild stare of determined desperation clutching the silver hilt in her bosom. Then the Traveler takes her again by one hand and again circles her waist with one arm. "Maybe Veva write you sometime—where?" With this she is handed a card containing the Traveler's address on one fold and his portrait on another. Veva looks first at the address, then at the portrait. She places the card in her bosom with: "Veva keep it always." With a delicate tremor in her voice, and on each cheek a tiny pearl glistening like some roral globe on the dew-dipped praise of morning. There was too much earnest for "good-bye" as Veva darted behind the rear end of the depot and was instantly lost to sight.

And now, time and space admonishes abandoning Mr. Drum and Mrs. Gab and little Viva until— * * * *

A Glimpse of the Pueblo Flood

Crossing the Arkansas river at Pueblo a sight was met long to be remembered. Evidences of the recent flood were on every hand—wrecked bridges, homes in a mass of wreckage, some showing the ravages of the flood though intact, lodged here and there, high on the sandy shore, hemmed in by driftwood and very islands of debris; the movies did not overdo; no language can fully express the waste and desolation, involving practically every section of the city, including the main business section. To rebuild must be indeed a discouraging contemplation.

Side-Trip to the Mountain City

At Denver visits were made to various points of interest including the Historical Society which is homed in a new building on the capitol grounds. Here every courtesy was shown by those in immediate charge. The Society has made quite a creditable collection consisting for the most part in library material. A full day was enjoyed seeing the choice institutions of the old mountain city, including the chamber of commerce—the city museum and public library.

Returning to Pueblo a night ride ended near Colton, with the last but little scenic grandeur. At Colton was witnessed the only rain seen after leaving Oklohama until the return. Evidently the Coltonites are not swans nor any other aquatic species, for when the rain struck the townpeople went flying hither and thither in disorder as if they had just heard a blast from Gabriel.

In the Valley of the Jourdan

A day and a half was spent at Salta Lake, visiting old landmarks, including the old tabernacle, the plan of which was conceived by Brigham Young while lying on his back on Mount Wasache, a whole night. This piece of architecture is unlike any other ever designed by man and in many ways evidences that spirit of inspiration claimed for it, the Temple, etc. We visited Salt Lake in 1888 when the Gentiles were near holding an election in which they hoped to best the Mormons, drive them out and rob them of their possessions. Strangers were hopping off every train, and flat cars were in evidence loaded with importations from Colorado and California and other distant points for the voting day.

The President had recently appointed a new territorial governor named Williams, a scrawny encephalic specimen with a corset and black silky wax-tipped moustache. When handed our card: "Eh-heh! And so you are—" as he scanned with supercillious air—"from Kansas. That is the home of a fellow named—named—I can't just recall, a United States senator or something of that kind, I believe." As was known, Mr. Plumb had but recently visited Utah, he informed the wax-tipped moustache who it was. "Awe-ah, I believe that was the name. I am indeed surprised that a people enlightened would choose as their senator in congress such a man. Why, sir, he is so narrow, so narrow,—understand? Why, when we pointed out Mount Wasache this fellow would say: "You ought to see our Smoky Hills'; and when we pointed out the Jourdan, he would say: 'You ought to see our Solomon and Kaw rivers!' So narrow!" Our party was assured and importuned to stay until after the election to aid in getting rid of the Mormons. That they would be forced to leave, "As we will make it so hellish hot for them that they will be forced to sell their homes for whatever they can get, and that will only be what we choose to pay them; and your party will have an opportunity on the deal." But the old proverb about the schemes o'mice and men got another verification; for, at the election the Mormon vote was 14,461, while the scheming gentiles only cast 6,146 votes; of members of the upper house the Mormons secured twelve, the schemers only two. In the lower house the mormons secured 18 out of 24.

On making up the program for the itinery, Mormons were ignored and only Gentiles corresponded with. But on arriving at the Salt Lake depot no committee was there. Bleered-eyed bus-thugs were numerous, however, demanding fifty cents a head for a two block walk. Advance arrangements had been made with the Walker House for our party, without mentioning the price. To that hostelry our party wended on foot, except a few who got gulled. On registering it was found that only a few of the party could get comfortable beds, but must double up, tribble up, and others bunk on cots or pallets. Thus supper and the night. After breakfast came the price. The Walker had

sprung fare more than double, charging every mother's son, daughter and off-cast the limit regardless of whether doubled, trebbled, cotted or palleted. No arrangements whatever had been made to carry the party to the fort or to Garfield Beech, then the only resort in that section. Bleer-eyed bus-thugs were abundant, swaggering, vulgar and profane, demanding five dollars a head to Fort Collins, with only five minutes' stop. The price to Garfield Beech was not asked. We at once sought out Mr. Penrose who then ran the Deseret News of which he is still in control. He was also church leader. It was with a degree of mortification to be compelled to draw upon a people who had until now been ignored. But Mr. Penrose was so kind and generous—just as though his people alone had been consulted. We were assured from then on our party would be well provided; that not one cent would be taken; that he regretted he did not know of our coming or he would have had a full program arranged. John W. Young, son of the late Brigham Young, was summoned. He was president of the Rio Grande, including the spur to Garfield Beech, about six miles out, across a neck of Jourdan where the lake circles the mountain ranges, at the foot of which, near the beech, is a mystic cave sufficiently high for a man to walk through it erect. It is a mile or so long, weird, damp place with stactilites gleaming in the faint light that drifts in for a ways. Mr. Young generously placed at our disposal an engine, a couple of observation cars and a full crew, to come and go out to the beech, and that without a price. Conveyances were likewise furnished to the fort, with unlimited time for observation. The tabernacle was thrown open for Sabbath and Mr. Young preached an intellectual and entertaining sermon. A Miss Silver was principal singer, and she rendered not only the regular service songs, but a number of others in sweet-voiced soprano, in a voice not loud nor screetchy, yet of wonderful volume, every note, every word distinctly heard from the fartherest end of the building two hundred feet away. The acoustic build of the tabernacle is such that you can hear a pin when dropped in a hat on the platform two hundred feet back; and a test proved the claim. The great building with a seating capacity of several thousand was so arranged that the entire congregation when filled to the limit can exit in less than three minutes. The Temple had been enclosed, but not yet ready for occupancy. While visitors were barred from the structure a special exception admitted our party and an escort went into detail as to its inception and progress of construction. The inscriptions on the high ceiling from the Smith tablets of stone were deciphered. The grave of Brigham Young who was at his own request buried in a sitting posture, was visited as were also his several homes. One Mormon family was visited which was particularly interesting. It consisted of the husband, three wives and a number of children from infancy to lawful age. One wife had charge of the domestic work—kitchen, laundry, etc. Another had charge of the nursery and the inside bath, a large square pool in a roofed court bordered with home rooms. A third wife had charge of the hot sulphur springs some distance from the house at the foot of a projecting mountain spur. At this spring one of our party found a He was a scholastically educated young man in company with his young wife, and was explaining in a very learned waterloo—Mr. E. A. Weller of the Wamego Agriculturist. way how the water came to be hot. "You be one of them smart chaps what thinks you know it all," said the guardian of the springs as she straightened, placed her hands on her hips and looked Weller in the face. "But you don't know nothing. It's I can tell how it come to be hot. The old devil is down there with a big poker a stirring and a stirring the water and the burning coals in hellfire. That's what make the water hot, young man," she continued, "You ought to get you a holy Bible and read it. Then you might learn something."

The mantumaker and general domestic wife asked if the wives got along in harmony together. "O yes," she replied smilingly. "We all eat around a common hearth from the same table without a jar or cross-purpose—a happy family." When asked if the wives ever got jealous: "Have you any brothers and sisters?" she inquired. "Well don't you somctimes get a trifle jealous—imagine your parents are a little partial? Well, that's all there is to it."

The old Walker House has ben torn away for a commercial mart, and most of the old landmarks of that day where the Mormon families dwelt in the felicity of undying faith have succombed to the demands of progress, and now have given way to great brick buildings, the humble houses where they stood may be seen palatial mansions. The small Mormon village is now a metropolitan city with skyscrapers and street cars. Garfield Beech has been abandoned and Saltaire is the fashionable lake-side resort a few miles up from the

While in Salt Lake a visit was made to the Mormon headquarters where Mr. Jensen presides as church historian, and also as general manager of the State Historical Society, housed in a new building of its own on the capitol grounds, with Mr. Jenson who recently visited the Oklahoma Historical Sociey in charge of the church records and has issued a bound volume roster and church record or diary. Historia has been promised one of these volumes but so far it has failed to show up. The write was much interested in running through this record where he found a few familiar names, among them the name of Elisha and Bettie Campbell in connection of some infraction of church rules. As his father was named Elisha and one of his sisters was named Rebecca, or familiarly called Bettie, these names set him wondering whether or not they may be of his household. A number of the Salt Lake family are still living, but we were not fortunate enough to meet any of them.

Among other places visited was at the chamber of commerce. Also made extensive trolly trips to the various points of interest.

Two days were consumed in the old historic city where was only an unknown desert waste until three-quarters of a century ago. The river Jourdan but a conjectual lake. Between that and civilization lay the rocky range with its peaks and mountain heights over which no human foot had ever trod, until, persecuted and driven first from their Illinois home about Narvoo where their prophet Joe Smith was butchered by "christian" bands; hence from Independence, Missouri, where they had built their pioneer homes and erected seats of worship and schools. Here they harnessed wheelbarrows, a few ox teams, a few pack horses and wended their way across the then trackless and parched plains, up the mountain slopes through habitless regions of torture, fatigue and deaths. No wonder that when after the long and arduous trudge their eyes rested on the crystal water of the lake with marvin vales, these persecuted, footsore and weary people of their own faith exclaimed: "Allah. All hail. Yonder lies Jourdan. There shall we rebuild our temple and worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. There will we build our homes and gather the sheaves of God's gift and make the goodly land blossom as the rose, with no fear of persecution by our jealous enemies, nor of ever again being driven from our homes by the invading despoiler."

Reaches Ocean of Sand

After leaving Ogden you pass through a long and wide stretch of utter waste and desolation—a limitless plain of white sand reaching to either side until there gleam and glisten is lost in the shadow of bleak and barren ranges; the monotony being only doubtfully relieved when now and then the zephyrs sweep by to waltz with the rising forms in ghostly white. Here you see no sign of ve getable life. Should some venturesome sprig of green ever find a lodgment here through the caprice of chance, it would soon be buried from sight by the vecring drifts. Though much of the ride through this unsighty dearth is by night, the scene still in evidence with its faint gleaming in the glow of night stars. Even the prairie dog and companion owl with cactus for a perch shun this vast stretch of useless desert. Though the iron trail through this stretch of desert

water of the lake with margin vales, these persecuted, foot-of lone silent and solemn level lying glint beneath the swinging moon and her troop of night stars.

In the Golden West

At Oakland a couple of days were most agreeably spent as the guest of Judge Jesse Dunn, that prince all, who did the phenomenal by resigning a life-job on the supreme bench of Oklahoma to cast his lot with the people of the Pacific; his "act" scarcely equalled when the brother of our "Cuckle-Burr Bill" declined to run for state labor commissioner because "Brother Bill" was holding a state place. The levee consisted first of a banquet at the Elk's hall, where many leading members of the fraternity of horned prongs were met. A spin over the "skyline" by way of Berkley and the Greek theatre presented the university by Wm. H. Hurst, the millionaire newspaper man.

Judge Dunn has a beautiful and romantic home on the highlands overlooking the city and San Francisco Bay. In front of his home we stood beside the judge and had a kodak photo taken. While beside the popular jurist we felt much like the "Town Pauper" did when standing for a picture beside the eminent Southern Senator. It was gratifying to hear Judge Dunn so highly spoken of in his new home where he seems to have at once enlisted universal confidence and esteem. Before starting for the Pacific, son Wayne, advised preparing heavier wear for the coast; but we didn't. Wished we had, though. In fact had to invest, and then borrow an overcoat from Jesse, and then shivered, and this was the middle of July. But the Oaklanders seem to enjoy it. Crossing the bay in from Oakland a couple of days were consumed in trolly rides, viewing points of interest in that wonderful city. Thence to the objective point—Los Angeles, about five hundred miles southerly along the coast.

Here we made headquarters at the Rutland, South Main and Washington, a capacious apartment house of 336 rooms with every feature modern. While there the Traveler was the guest of Daughter Isla Rivers Campbell, and sister-in-law, Miss Hattie C. Wayne, and of Daughter Coila Campbell (Mrs. Bert F.) Duncan, at their beautiful home on a five-acre pingree patch near Glendale and Eagle Rock City, suburban to Los Angeles. From here the Traveler radiated in every direction, by trolly and by auto motor—ten to fifty miles.

Catalina Islands—Last of the Mohigans

The first point of extreme interest after reaching Los Angeles was a spin by electric line to the Pacific where a narrow channel of about sixteen miles connects the main shore with the noted Catalina Islands. Crossing over this channel by steamer a landing was made at Avalon, the only city on this vast island. From here a motor stage carries you about fifty miles "over the top" winding and curving, up and down, around in serpentine insinuations until the isthmus is reached—a small harbor with only an improvised pavilion which serves as hotel, lunch stand, etc. The isthmus is surely a romantic spot of rocky grandeur where expired The Last of the Mohiggins. On the way across were many thrilling and weird scenes, some of them of ancient note, such as the old Crows Nest still standing among the lower wilds of the mountain range in a strange and truly rustic place. Here at one time bad men of the world made headquarters, brewed beverages and banditry, carrying on a game without limit, hundreds of thousands of dollars being a frequent stake, and could the old up-and-down board walls but talk, many a tragedy and tale of dark deeds and daring would be told. With rare exceptions the only sign of moving life consists of mountain goats way in the distance winding their way up almost perpendicular steeps. Some of these with whiskers so long they have to walk on their hind legs to keep from stepping on them. From the Isthmus, the steamer "Flyer" takes you back to Avalon, a distance of 65 miles on the still ocean. The same ocean trip was taken from Avalon to the Isthmus and return on what is known as the "flying fish trip," always after night. Attracted probably by the lights in the boat, flying fish rise up in every direction and dash toward the light, often striking the boat sides with a jarring force which would plow holes, had nature not provided these denizens of the deep with spongy noses to protect them from being smashed to smithereens during their flights. Sometimes one of these animated meteors go over the boat sides when woe to anyone who should happen to be in range. One went through the Flyer the night we were on, and lodged just behind a guard post within less than two feet from where we sat. A young woman in the seat behind had her hat brushed by this meteor, and my, such a scream! The fish are about a foot long and are provided with wing-shaped fins which they are able to spread in their migrations. They are called flying fish, but in fact they dart like meteors. Rising from the water at a distance of a few rods to a mile or more, they reach destination in a flash, with electric message speed. They are almost black, but at night they leave a bluish phosphorescent trail like the tail of a shooting star. They rise up from every direction and in miriads, darting at every angle until the night is a very pyrotecnic display of flashing beauty. They are eatable. Avalon is a pretty place, crotched down at the foot of the range. A fine bathing beech and a few home mansions, and long rows of canvass villas to accommodate summer resorters. The St. Catherine Hotel is the only elite resort of the island, snugged on a jetty into the seat, and hewn out of the hills. The five-dollar a night and up-ers are its mainstay. The St. Catherine is also headquarters for leading movie stars when on the island. Eddie Pola was quartered here during the Traveler's itinery. At Avalon was a narrow escape from being buried in the movie maelstrom. A craft was lying in wait to make a movie trip, and the boat manager insisted on the Traveler casting himself in a couple of thrills of the coming reel. Only two stunts were assigned him—one, riding a bronco, and the other rescuing a fair maiden from a burning ship—both rather strenuous for a person "one-eyed and seming ancient." The broncho stunt did not appear so hazardous, for although the Traveler had not straddled one for over a quarter of a century he reasoned that the varment could only buck and throw him headlong in a sprall or knot over its head, tramp on him and kick a few daylight holes through him, yet leaving him still alive. But the burning ship—that was fraught with heroic risk, to stem the treacherous waves to the ship conveniently anchored for the occasion, climb the slimy sides, dart hither, thither, through blinding stifling volumes of hot smoke, dodge falling timbers and tread the embers, shoulder the swooned maiden and bearing her through walls of blazing fury and down a rope by one hand as the other bearing the limp bescorched maiden, then to buffet the contending ocean rolls to safety on the beech sands where a young English cockney with a monicle runs wildly up and down the shore emploring: "Save Bessy! Fo Gawd sake, save Bessy," and when asked why he didn't save her:—"'Hi cawnt, yer know. Hi cawnt, yer know," and then after the rescued maiden arouses from her swoon she falls into the arms of the monicled cockny and showers him with lactimel and sweet nectar. That was the straw that broke the Campbell's back, and he silently stole away.

Side Trips—Sight-Seeing

There were numerous happenings while in Los Angeles which Historia will long cherish in memory, such as a number of auto rides to various interesting points: To Maywood beech, guest of Mr. Kimmer and Roy Mangum who have landed interests among the oil fields of that region. Messrs. Meyering & Lawrence, to Santa Monico highlands, canyons and beech, and to Brentwood Place, where the company have land holdings. The Laguna Land and Water company, to Maywood beech in the midst of the oil fields operated by this company. J. S. Hargis of the Hightman company, to Belmont Shore Place where the company has laid out an addition to Los Angeles. The Coleman-Rosser company to Harbor City where the company has large holdings of dredge lands hugging the harbor shore.

Emil Firth, to various sight-seeing points. Theophile Stutz, to the harbor where his people have large holdings. G. E and Geo. W. McIntyre through their vast oil domain.

Acknowledgement is due Captain DeFord for a delightful auto trip in company with himself and wife, and daughter and husband, who also have a home on 51st street. Also to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. T. Hunt for an instructive as well as interesting tour to the Venice beech, passing on the way the soldiers home at Sawtell with its fairy campus, parks and drives; and Culver City, the home of the movie. Here we were the guests of the Goldwyn plant management in charge of Mr. Joe Ashurst Jackson, publicity manager, and who passes out senarios and casts. We were introduced to the general superintendent who placed us in charge of Prof. Lewis W. Physive, who piloted us through the entire plant and unfolded by demonstration every feature of the wonderful movie processes from taking the pictures, their "bath" and development, making the films, assembling them in their sequential order, drying, and winding on reels, ready for the screen. Mr. Physive is an Italian, the synonym of courtesy and obliging, and knows every feature of the movie process.

The Traveler needs make no formal acknowledgement for the numerous auto rides enjoyed in company with his daughters, Isla and Coila, and sister Hattie, with Mr. Bert Duncan as chaperone—he is too closely related to demand acknowledgment for shared pleasures. One of these various trips was by way of Venice, thence along the cost for many miles, thence a drive into the gorgeous mountain fastnesses, past caverns, rumbling waters, in a spiral jaunt to the mountain range via Wildwood, thence a descent to the great valley of fruits and on to the wonder city, about sixty miles in all. Mr. Duncan is one of the leading contractors of Southern California, and his bookings take in a vast scope in every direction.

Visiting Alambra, Mr. Grimes and family were on a toot to Balboa beech, hence there was a sore disappointment. Mr. Blackwelder was also out of the city. While there Mr. Stultze, the leading real estate man, treated to an auto ride of the city, and Editor N. R. N. Mariot of the Advance and the News extended fraternal courtesies. The Los Angeles Evening Herald, Los Angeles Morning Times, San Diego Sun, El Paso Gazette, and the Texola Herald gave generous mention of visits to these various might lose his job, and it Wood benefit no one. Now, take cities.

It Pays to Pay Your Own Way

In Los Angeles you will find a woman in almost every hallway of the business section who will thrust a ticket into your hands calling for a "free ride and a warm dinner (sandwich and coffee)" either by trolley or auto to every section of the outlying districts, twenty to thirty miles. These are furnished by the Newport company and other land interests who have realty holdings for sale in "Los Angeles Addition" lots. However alluring, take the advice of Historia and don't. You will be landed on some sandy patch away from the depot to blaze in the sunandbe importuned to make a purchase. If you don't right on the spot you are liable to gross insult by some young snitch who accompanies these free rides as capper. Historia has one case in view. It was on a plot in Verdingo Woods near Glendale, too close for a separate town and not close enough for an addition. A stranger was in the party and his chaperone was a young man in light check and wearing glasses. He was the soul of courtesy and culturel politeness and took pains in showing and explaining. He had shown the Traveler and the stranger about all there was to be seen, and to the certain knowledge of the Traveler the stranger was favorably impressed with one location, but explained that he did not come prepared to close a deal, and asked his young escort to prepare a plat of the grounds showing this particular lot, priced at $2,750. The escort agreed to do so, and all repared to a shade to await train back to the city. A young snitch in a dark straight-front coat and Stetson hat came up and insisted that he show the stranger some lots, pointing the ones he had already seen. "Why," said he, "I have been all over these lots and confess I am favorably impressed." "Come over to my tent and we'll fix up the papers, you making a small payment." The stranger explained as before related, when the young snip strutted back and with his thumbs in his vest armholds sneeringly remarked: "I notice you go on all these excursions." "Beg pardon, but this is my second trip only," replied the stranger. "Oh! yes," pompously drawled the snip, "only two under the same name." Then facing the stranger with an air of earth-ownership: "I sized you up from the start. You only take these rides because you can sponge them and a free dinner. You never had any intention of investing." "Well, possibly not," replied the stranger. "Certainly not now." Then in a domineering tone, "We have to stand it from women, but we won't stand it from men!" The stranger here left his snipship vowing that he would go a long time without a home before he invested with a firm that employed that class of snips. Two women, one from New York and the other from Columbus, Ohio, overheard the insulting remarks about having to stand it from women. "Indeed," said the New York lady, "they will not have to stand it again from me." "Here, too," said the Ohioan; "and if it wasn't so far to the station I would not ride back in their coach." Of course such employes are the exception; but like the small bit of meat that "taints a whole carcas," the exception taints the entire company. It is unfortunate that they have these impositions. Historia gives no name, because the young man might lose his job, and it Wood be of no benefit. Now, take the advice of Historia. If you want to buy, get on a trolley or an auto and pay your way, go where and when you please, the cost is but a trifle, a few cents only. See a reliable real estate man and avoid the risk of being insulted as was this stranger. But of course the company would not for a moment countenance discourtesy on the part of an employe, and if known to them it would mean dismissal and in all probability with a swift kick accompaniment.

So far as the Traveler is concerned, he received nothing but universal courtesy from Mr. E. P. Newport, head of the company, Mr. Twining, the manager, Mr. J. B. Race, and in fact from everyone with whom he came in contact. And in this connection, acknowledgment is tendered for a generous trolley ride to Venice, and by special boat a circle of the miles and miles of harbor shoreline. The one great seaport of the west, to the Pacific what the New York harbor is to the Atlantic—Halifav to the Canadian coast. At San Pedro hugging the shore, with daily comings and go-goings, may be seen the flag of every nation floating a steamer, and cargoes from every country of the commercial world. The Traveler would like much to speak at length of this harbor, of the men who couple public spirit, energy and a genuine spirit of financial venture, with energy, push and foresight enough to grasp the possibilities of Los Angeles as the unrivaled coast city of the Pacific—The Newports, Mr. Lowe who a few years ago had only a dream of possessions, but through an unconquerable will and set purpose his name is now a password to thrift. For him Mt. Lowe stands as a monument, towering like a Babel to a near view of at least the lower heavens, with its Alpine Inn, and the Mt. Lowe Observatory with its silver dome aglow in sun reflections when hid from the lower vales. At the present time there is in course of construction the Lowe theatre which occupies a half block on Hill street and which when completed will be one of the largest and most elegantly equipped houses of amusement in the world. The summit of this western seat of divinity is accessible by trolly to the masa foot near the southern limits of Pasadena, thence up a dizzy incline almost perpendicular 500 feet by cable cars; thence again by electric trolly to near the Observatory, and thence by burro or horse to th etopmost point from where an entire world seems circling about.

Mt. Wilson is the next highest point, which also overlooks Pasadena from the north and its valley of luxuriant fruitage. This is accessible only by hoof or auto motor

which follows a hewed out trail up steep grades, down, then up, like the leaf that gradually unfolds by forging a notch ahead, then draws back a pace to take a new bulge, each bulge forging a trifle farther than the subsequent until a lengthy limb, so each ascent along this trail reaches a higher point than the subsequent one until you stand on the very dome of the western continent. This is a delightful ride, exceedingly scenic and full of startling thrills. horse curves and the Jap alphabet. On the summit is a Winding in spirals, cutting the letters S, W and V, in commodious hotel and lunch booths. This ride involves about fifty miles. This trip to Mt. Lowe was made still more enjoyable, being accompanied by Mrs. Wallace E. Miller and daughter, Las Angeles visitors from Oklahoma City, now guests at the Hotel Roslyn.

The Mount Lowe Daily News is an enterprise by Mr. W. A. Meador who has a job office and other material on the ground and gets out a daily of the above name. An octavo, 14 x 18, printed in green. Besides illustrations and interesting matter pertaining to Mt. Lowe, it contains a daily roster of visitors. The writer was there August 20, and out of 276 visitors, those from Oklahoma were, besides "me": Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and Billy Stout, Edwin and Mary Rice, Mrs. W. F. Miller and son, of Oklahoma City; Marion Vermillion, Shattuck; Mrs. R. Montgomery, Tulsa.

The trip to Mt. Lowe was made more pleasant by Mrs. W. E. Miller and son of Oklahoma City, being members of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were guests at the Van Nuys, one of the elite hotels of Los Angeles. Also in a brief climb up the hilly slopes from Alpine Inn in company with Miss Loreno Koeber of the California Music store, who happened to be wandering up the slope at the same time.

Ready for the Drop—1,300 Feet by Cable

A pretty letter from Miss Lorena received after arriving at Oklahoma City, too late for extended mention.

That young adonis on the front platform of the Mt. Low cable observation car is the writer, the center of the trio of young women is Loreno Koeber.

The Beautiful Verdu Valley

The Verdu valley, its woodlands and foot hills and high cerrated ridges with their skyward peaks conspire in a lovely beauty-area with its varying shift of scenes. In the 16th century the Verdus were granted a large body of land in California by the king of Spain. This took in the Beverly hills now overlooking Hollywood and Culver City, movie seats of the Goldwin system and other movie plants, ranging down southerly for fifty miles taking in the wooded plot of the Newports. On this stands the old original Verdu home built centuries ago, still a sightly structure, though of but one low story and on primitive architecture, with a rustic porch along the entire side length, embowered by large grape vines whose interminable branches weave in a Branstock bower over the porch and the old roof. This vine was planted over one hundred years ago by the daughter of Theodore Verdu, she being still alive, the only surviving member of the once prolicic Verdu household. She resides in a quaint and rustic home near this scene, and at the age of 120 retains her faculties and delights in conning over the travails of pioneer life and scenes and tragedies and joys of two centuries. For centuries the Verdus held undisputed sway over this vast tract of vale and mountain wilderness; but as the older member gave way to the newer generations the possessions were gradually wrested from them, until today the small patch where lives the venerable relic is all that remains in the name of Verdu.

The Los Angeles Historical Society is homed in the heart of the business section and is presided over by Messrs. Pierson Worrall Banning and Willis Milnor Dixon, both of whom give their services free, and go down generously into their own private funds for sustaining and keeping up the work. The library consists for the most part of bound volues, pamphlets, manuscripts and clippings—all bound, touching America's war periods—The Revolution, war of 1812, Mexican War, Rebellion, Brush with Spain, and the late European slaughter. Especial stress is lain on the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. Any items on these lines will be welcomely received. The unselfish devotion of Messrs. Banning and Dixon in this essential work should certainly be appreciated by the entire state, and especially by the citizens of Los Angeles.

The Oklahoma Colony

The Oklahoma-California association with headquarters at Ninth and South Main street, Los Angeles, contains about twenty thousand names, besides visitors, and it is probable at least twenty-five per cent of those finding homes in the Golden State have not registered, which everyone should do. Above all, no one visiting Los Angeles from another state should neglect to call at the National State association headquarters, where at all hours of the day will be found Mr. C. H. Parsons, secretary, ever with a cordial welcome. He is an ex-newspaper man from Maquokata, Iowa, and an enthusiast in behalf of the various state associations. Each state holds an annual reunion and monthly meetings between at one of the near resorts. Blank rosters are furnished and posted in convenient places on the meeting ground, by states. After each meeting these rosters are taken to headquarters and bound by states in handy volumes. The Traveler did not have an opportunity to attend any of these reunions except the monthly picnic of ex-Kansans at Sycamore Grove, a beautiful Eden with no flaming sword over the gate, but a short distance from the city and accessible by trolley and electric lines. At this J. P. St. John, widow of the late ex-governor, resides at reunion many old friends of former days were met. Mrs. Long Beech, and was one of the speakers on this occasion. Mrs. St. John was a relative of Cynthiana Parker, the

white captive who became the mother of the recent Kiowa Chief Quanah Parker. She wrote a history of Cynthiana, but Historia has never been able to secure a copy.

The Oklahoma colony from Oklahoma City in Los Angeles includes: Hon. Milton J. Bryon, ex-member of the legislature from Shawnee, but later of Oklahoma City. Mr. Bryan, besides being president of the Oklahoma-California association, is assistant city attorney. He is a cousin of William Jennings Bryan. Ed L. Dunn is in the law practice. Martin J. Bentley, ex-Indian agent at Shawnee, William F. Young, connected with the Oklahoma Constitutional convention, is in the real estate business. Charley Reickard and Tom Dolph, recently of the Grand Avenue hotel, have a hotel on East Sixth street. Bill Rogers, ex-high school student who did amateur stunts at the Metropolitan, now Palace—when Wayne Campbell was playing leads, has a movie studio at Hollywood. Jack and Will Green, ex-restaurant men, in the wall paper business; Jack was republican candidate for the legislature, primaries 1920. J. E. Green, no relation to Will and Jack, ex-realty man, in the same line. Oklahoma Bob Albright, known in musicial and footlight circles; in charge of the Pantages theatre in company with his father and brother Frank. F. L. Ward, recently on the state capitol force. B. W. Warwick, in the hardware line. Dr. T. F. Ratlidge, recently connected with Dr. Carver as a chiropractor. Mr. Ruel Haskell, r., recently received a photo of T. F. as he looked through the jail bars for practicing without a license. Mrs. W. H. L. ("Swamp") Campbell, whose husband was first clerk of the supreme court under statehood. Mrs. D. M. Smith, wife of D. M. Smith, of the mail service, brother of Capt. A. W. Smith, is in the medical practice at San Francisco. Lester Gum, brother of Eugene, of the Colcord, and of Mrs. E. A. Pritchard, of the Public Service Magazine. Harry Osborn, from McAlester, at Avelon, Catalina Island. Lon Longwell, from McAlester, at Los Angeles. C. M. Jones and Judge J. W. Hocker. John Eastman and his brother-in-law, J. N. Hoeffer. Miss Edith Johnson of the State School Land department, 2539 Pico street, in main offices of Los Angeles street line railroad. Mrs. Ida M. Schobridge at 231 E Avenue; G. W. Grace at 911 South Main. George W. Parsons at 625 South VanNuys. Chas. F. Simons at 200 E. Avenue 51. Frank Boazman, pioneer wholesale and retail jeweler. Mrs. Otto McPheters, daughter of N. B. White of Oklahoma City, at 654 60th street, the family of Dr. Higgins who skinned J. C. Adams out of the claim which includes the ground where the court house now stands. Fred H. Reed, C. I. Smock, C. F. Ziegler, Chas. Hotchkiss, A. J. Kegress, John Carson, Mrs. Joe Heim, mother of Albert Heim of the State Health department.

Ed Cook, one of the founders of the First National bank, at Long Beech; A. L. Frick, Chas F. Taylor, C. O. Russell, A. L. Frick, Chas. F. Taylor, C. O. Russell, Fred H. Reed, C. L. Smock, C. F. Ziegler, Chas. Hotchkiss, A. J. Kegress, John Carson, Mrs. Joe Heim, mother of Albert Heim of the State Health department.

Mr. C. E. Wilson, whose father was the first marshal of Enid, Okla., and who was killed in a duel wherein Receiver Patterson of the government land office was also killed, J. L. Isenberg of the Enid Wave being mixed up in the tragedy. Isenberg is also a citizen of Los Angeles, while Junior Wilson is on the Los Angeles Evening Herald. Hon. Roy J. Williams, ex-educator, newspaper man and Oklahoma legislator, now on a fruit farm near Anheim. Mrs. J. W. McNeal, recently of Tulsa, is now in Long Beech. (Joe McNeal, as he was famiriarly called, was the pioneer banker of Guthrie, moving to Tulsa where he engaged in the banking business until his death two years ago.

Joe Lone, ex-Oklahoma Cityan, now owns the army and navy store, or "The Little Department Store," at San Pedro.

Other Oklahoma Cityans scattered over California include: Mrs. Virginia E. Sutton, first teacher in Oklahoma county, organizer and first president of the '89ers, in charge of Oklahoma exhibit at San Francisco, 1915, has a neat cottage on West California, Pasadena, where Mrs. John Brandenburg, sister of Governor J. B. A. Robertson, also resides. Charley Reynolds whose brother carries the keys to the Elks' hall at San Diego. Judge Jesse Dunn, in the law practice at Oakland. Miss Edith Allen Phelps, for a number of years in charge of the Carnegie Library, is in the same line of work at Pasa Roubles. Her father, Col. John E. Phelps, being at the Soldiers' Home in Sawtell, having served in the Union army as cavalry colonel during the entire rebellion, his brother John S. Phelps having served as governor of Missouri. J. H. McCartney, at San Diego. W. H. Sadler, deputy under Sheriff O'Brien, at Gardena. Fred Doolin, recently of the postal service, postal clerk at Fresno. J. H. Christman, ex-Buick dealer, is at Long Beech in the same line. Owen, brother of Rees Parry, in the loose-leaf printing business, has a little patch near Hollywood where he keeps a bee and a fritter tree, and the only species of ducks giving milk. J. A. Matthews, son of Commissioner of State Charities, at Big Tree in the Edison Electric service. Dr. U. L. Russell at Hollywood. W. T. S. Hunt, a member of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention, is at Hollywood. Tom Hasskett, at San Diego. Judge W. H. Scott, who in early days kept a number of prominent newspaper men like Charley Barrett, Elmer Brown, Frank McMasters and Jack Burke, and Sheriff Fightmaster in jail for saying saucy things about him, in Oakland trying to wor kup a movie enterprise. W. B. Leecraft, brother of State Treasurer Col. R. N. Leecraft, is county registrar at Santa Anna. Another brother, Albert C., is with the First National Bank at Oakland, while a cousin also resides there. J. H. Linn who owns considerable business property in Oklahoma City including a business block on Second street, is at Long Beech. R. A. Bowles, brother of A. M. Bowls, of the Bowls Printing house, is Southern Pacific Engineer at Newman. Nate Downer, at Long Beech. John D. Langford, ex-state land commissioner, at Alhambra. M. L. Blackwelder, father of Guy, recently in the city government, at Alhambra. Thomas A. Samson, from Muskogee, and W. R. Gilbert, from Duncan, in the law practice at Lon Angeles. Mr. Haskett, now at San Diego. Mrs. Frank Chilcott, sister-in-law of our Bob Chilcott of Guthrie, in Los Angeles, as olso is her son John, and Bob's sister, Miss Lillian Chilcott. R. M. Chilcott has been with the Bartlett Loan and Realty company so long that to mention the time would be a give-away on his age, and he is still active in that line at Guthrie. Alex and Florence Adler from Guthrie, at Los Angeles. Judge Brownwood Bell, first judge of the county at Sayre, near Los Angeles where his father-in-law Wm. Logner also resides. O. B. Keith, a former political entity of Oklahoma City, in Los Angeles. Sherman Evans, brother-in-law to Hon. Wm. Grimes, at Long Beech. Mrs. Joe W. McNeil from Tulsa, at Long Beech. Mr. McNeal founded the National Bank of Commerce in Guthrie at the 1889 opening where he resided until statehood, being the republican nominee for governor vs. Lee Cruce; he moved to Tulsa after statehood and founded the First National Bank there, dying about three years ago. He was for many years treasurer of the Oklahoma Historical society. Harvy Winebrenner, recently on the faculty of the Tonkawa Preparatory school, in the art department of the Long Beech College. Mr. Winebrenner was born in Oklahoma, and was the first one ot turn out a piece of stucco sculpture, bust of Professor Murdaugh, ex-president of Central Normal at Edmond, which he generously presented to the Oklahoma Historical society. Arch W. Anderson, from Enid, is in Los Angeles, as is also Spencer H. Allen, a former druggist of Enid. Jno. C. T. Moore, father of Judge Charles Moore of Oklahoma City, is in Ventura, county clerk reporter, formerly of Enid. Jack Burke who founded the Norman Transcript, and who did service for talking saucy about Judge W. H. Scott, with numerous others, now enjoying life "intents" on the San Diego beech. Ed Shields, ex-sheriff of Garfield county. Prof. Hightower, ex-superintendent of school at Altus, teaching in Los Angeles. M. M. McCord, ex-druggist of Enid, at Long Beech where Sam Murgen, ex-grain man and Sherman Stanwurd of Enid, also resides. Tom Mix, once

marshal of Bartlesville, has a movie plant of his own at Mixville, just out from Los Angeles. Ed T. Reid, ex-court clerk of Oklahoma City, resides in Los Angeles. J. A. Matthews, son of W. H. Matthews, state charities commissioner, is now at Big Tree in the service of the Edison Electric company. Mrs. D. M. Smith, wife of D. M. Smith of the mail service in Oklahoma City, now in Los Angeles, while a brother of Mr. Smith, Captain A. W. Smith, is in the medical practice at San Francisco. Dr. U. L. Russell from Oklahoma City, now in Hollywood. Carson Albert and Florence Adler from Guthrie. George Noble from McAlester,, father of Wm. Noble of the State Industrial Commission, 7538 East Washington, Los Angeles. E. A. Stahlnaker, surveyor of Kingfisher county in territorial days, is in Los Angeles. Captain J. W. DeFord, one of the founders of Chandler and a member of the Oklahoma legislature from Lincoln county, is in Los Angeles. Hon. Wm. Grimes, first United States territorial marshal, territorial secretary at time of statehood, and chairman of the territorial and national republican committee, president Loan and Trust company, at Alhambra, where he also owns a small plantation with a high-board partition between him and the little farm owned by our own Little Giant Dennis O'Flynn, to keep their cats on their own side of the shinney. Lon Whorton, founder of the Guthrie Democrat at the 1889 opening, of the Perry Sentinel at the 1893 strip opening, and for ten years president of the Oklahoma Historical Socicty, lives on a fruit and chicken farm adjoining Gardena, where "ye" enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon with the genial Lon and his amiable wife and daughter, Mrs. Frank Brandenburg, sister of Harry Lowe from Tulsa, in the garage business at Palms, where J. E. Gates, also from Tulsa, is a leading grocer, surrounded by his good family. H. A. Bell, brother of A. M. Bell of Shamrock, is in the cigar and tobacco business at 61 South Sixth street, San Diego. Acknowledgement is made of many courtesies from Mr. Bell while in the lower harbor city.

W. B. Leecraft, brother of Col. R. N. Leecraft, state treasurer of Oklahoma, at Santa Anna; Walter Seibert from Oklahoma City, Southern Pacific engineer at San Jose where his father also resides. Joe Long, fancy merchandise, San Pedro; Thomas Bullock, lumberman, Somers; Ed A. King, early pioneer of Kingfisher, Pacific Grove; J. H. Vosburg, ex-bookey and supply man of Oklahoma City, Porterville; Glenn Sipes, son of Hon Jasper Sipes, president Oklahoma Historical Society, San Diego. W. B. Leecraft, brother of Col. R. N. Leecraft, state treasurer and member of the Oklahoma Historical Society, Santa Anna City registrar. Harry Scott, Avalon. C. E. Morris, ex-member State Board of Affairs, attorney for Pacific Electric. Mr. Ballard of Oklahoma City property interests, Long Beech. Gerald Bender, Chickasha oil man, Long Beech. Jack Carman, Chickasha ex-saloon and restaurant man, Long Beech. Photographer Vreeland of Enid, San Diego. Charley Reynolds, whose brother carries the keys of the Oklahoma City Elks Hall, San Diego. Oakland—Judge W. H. Scott, endeavoring to organize a movie scheme. It was Judge Scott who as a Cleveland appointee on the bench of Oklahoma kept up county expense feeding various editors and officials through jail gates. Prof. Getzinger, from the State University, Berkley (University of California). El Center—John C. Bitter, Fresno. James Burns, ex-clerk of Kingfisher county; Fred Doolin, postal clerk; Elanor Dolde, brother of A. C. Dolde, clerk U. S. Court, Guthrie, Long Beech. (In Revenue service at Monrovia for years). E. C. Clemens, hardware man, Long Beech. John E. Carson, Long Beech; Fred J. S. Smith, San Barnadino Savings Bank. J. A. Peyton, Hollywood. George E. Marsh, Long Beech. Frank A. Miller, manager Street Railway and Mission Inn, Riverside. James A. Mead, Passadino. L. A. Gillespie, Hollywood. Thomas F. Bullard, Connors. J. S. Jennings, San Diego. Lester, brother of Eugene P. Gum and of Mrs. E. D. Pritchard of the Public Service Magazine, Oklahoma City. Henry Crosby, whose sons conduct numerous drug houses in Oklahoma City. Mrs. Lou (Elmer) Houton of Oklahoma City, Hotel Clark. R. T. Daniels, Tulsa, 978 Eden Avenue. Jim and Larry DeeBanks, Guthrie transfer men. George, brother of Wm. a Frederickson of Oklahoma City, in detective service. Finis Fox, from Purcell, Metro studio. Mrs. Frank E. Dayton, formerly Blanche Bowman. Mrs. Archer Gibson, formerly Mary Peyton, Brighton Wilkeshire building. J. A. Garland, president Real Estate Board. G. W. Grace, 911 S. Main. W. E. Graham, Tulsa oil man. W. I. R. Gilbert from Duncan, with Southern Pacific legal department. Mrs. Ella Boyson, 1731 9th Avenue. Charles Graves, first vice-president Merchants and Farmers' National. Beaumont Haskell, Tulsa oil man, Rooseveltan to a frazzle, with nine lovely and lovable daughters of marriageable age and temper ament. George H. Williams, prominent Shriner. H. M. Hamilton, Tulsa oil man. F. A. Salome, with Salome-Fletcher, Fox-Heller building, San Diego. Hon. Roy J. Williams, ex-educator, ex-newspaper man, ex-member Oklahoma legislature, Hollywood. Albert C. Leecraft, brother of Col. R. N. Leecraft, Oakland where a cousin also resides. Russell, E. G., 219 Kerchoff building. Ross, Mrs. J. S., Tulsa, mother of Ayren F. Ross of the State Auditor's office. Reedy, H. R., from Oklahoma City. Reed, Fred E., 808 Syndicate building. Schobridge, Ida M., 231 E. Avenue. Smock, W. H., formerly with Bank of Commerce, Oklahoma City, president Trust and Savings Bank. Stone, Duke, attorney. Stahlnaker, E. A., ex-surveyor of Kingfisher county, in com. business, 1020 E. 6th. Simmons, Chas. E., 2000 E Ave. 51. Seay, Ralph, nephew of late ex-governor A. J. Seay who died in Los Angeles some years ago. Tighlman, Hon. Wm., early day United States Marshal of Oklahoma, ex-member legislature from Lincoln county, late chief of police, Oklahoma City, now leader in "Last of the Oklahoma Outlaws," his own production. Thorn, Ed., ex-Oklahoma City realty man. Wm. Taylor, 430 W. 9th. Watchman, E., ex-Tulsa oil man. Lengley, Bert, from Tulsa. Little, H. M., assistant manager Electric Pacific. McConnell, R. N., formerly with Hon. Wm. Grimes as assistant secretary territory at Guthrie. McMillan, Chas., general manager electric railway. McPheters, Mrs. Otto, daughter of D. M. White of Oklahoma City, 654 E. 60th. Montgomery, Alfred, ex-Tulsa painter, 1246 W. 48th. Morris, E. E., Pactific Railway attorney, 670 S. Main. Newbury, T. E., 3rd vice-president Farmers and Merchants National. Noble, George, brother Wm. Noble of the State Industrial Commission, 7538 W. Washington. Peck, W. L., ex-realties in Oklahoma City, 1909 Taft Avenue. Pickering, O. E., prominent in lodge work. Russell, Vivian, formerly Lulu Garrison, sister of ex-mayor Ed Overholser of Oklahoma City, and founder of the Overholser theater. Russell, A. A., from Tulsa, miniature painter at 153 E. 15th. George H. Williams. Al J. Jennings, democratic candidate for county attorney, then for governor, author of "Beating Back" movie, and his brother John D., attorney.

At Los Angeles—Mrs. C. M. Caine, sister of D. W. Steer, an Oklahoma City restaurant man. G. H. Griffith, who established the first bank at Lone Wolf, brother-in-law of H. A. Kroeger of Oklahoma City. Mrs. William Wimm, special friend of Mr. Leo M. Flick of Oklahoma City. G. A. Parsons at 630 Van Nuys. H. G. Pearsons and B. A. Brundidge. J. E. Moore from Scullin. C. X. Johnson, ex-president Oklahoma-CaliforniaAssociation. J. I. Choate and Fred McNabb, ex-secretaries of the association, the latter recently moved to Arizona. Bernard Potter, native of Missouri, lawyer, Brighton Apartments, Wilkshire Boulevard, was delegate to the divorce congress in Washington city, 1906; prominent in Masonic club circles. H. H. Smock, last territorial bank commissioner; officer of the Security Trust and Savings Bank. M. S. Gilbert, Blackwell banker in territorial days. Frank Gillespie, Tulsa jeweler, one of the wealthiest of Oklahoma oil men.

A. T. Schwartz, Granite merchant. Edmund Franz, brother of Ex-Governor Frank Franz, democratic candidate for congress in 1908, at the time Frank was republican candidate for governor, Mr. Franz built the Franz Hotel in Enid. A. C. Farmer, who organized the Lincoln Investment Company in company with Frazier, Johnson and

others, and who built the Poor Prophet Home near Oklahoma City. Will Stokes, Okeene merchant, at San Bernardino. George Wilson, Alva real estate man, Alhambra; John Witten, who owns 1,000 acres of land near Altus, San Diego. Jack Reno, early hotel man at Mangum, San Diego. J. A. Hunter, Mangum merchant, Pasadena. George Stiles, Geary merchant, Yuma. F. A. Grosse of the Oklahoma City Construmtion Company, at Hollywood, where he owns numerous cottages.

George Black, early Tolagon, later attorney in Oklahoma City, then in the Tulsa oil game. J. B. Ferguson, early-day lawyer at Kingfisher, later a banker at Enid, at San Diego. Tom Gilchrist and H. S. Walling, wealthy Tulsa oil men, at Long Beach. Mr. Helig, at one time connected with the Cadillac, Oklahoma City, in the same business at Los Angeles. Mr. Harris, at one time manager of the Egbert Hotel in Oklahoma City, in charge of the Skyler at Long Beach. Charles L. Chandler, native of Iowa, lawyer, residence at Glendale near Los Angeles. J. H. Fletcher and D. M. Massey from southwest Oklahoma, at Selma. T. W. Cowdrick and Ed Sylvester, at Springville. Cook L. Smith, recent oil king at Muskogee, later of Colorado, at San Bernardino. Eli Brown, recently in the wholesale grocery business in Oklahoma City; Frank C. Cook, early political wheel-horse of the Washita, who ran a paper at Cloud Chief until they lost the county seat to Cordell, when he moved to Oklahoma City and attempted to break into the legislature as a republican when that party was shy on votes. W. E. Nations, Albert Stoner, Glendale; Leo Jackson, Whittier.

On The Homeward Trail

The first layover on the return trip was for a night at Maracopa. Although a junction point with perhaps five miles of side-track, the town consists exclusively of a water tank, a depot and a hotel, with not even a garden patch, not a foot of land for miles in every direction where the hand of hupsbandry ever touched—not a furrow, but one broad continent of sage brush. From here a side-trip was taken to Phoenix, capital of Arizona. While there we had the pleasure of a long visit with Governor Thomas E. Campbell whose lineage doves in with the writer's, his household being of the Eastern branch. His brother John H is a member of the board of regents of the state educational institutions including the University at Tucson, his associates on the regency being Messrs. R. B. Orndorf, once owner of the hotel of that name; Harry W. Lowe, J. R. Gates, A. B. Bandeen, with A. C. Held as president. The State Library, State Historical Society, Indian School, and chamber of commerce were also visited points, where the many courtesies extended calls for merited acknowledgment. At the Indian School we were taken an automobile jaunt over the grounds and taken through the various buildings. Mr. J. B. Brown, the superintendent, was for years connected with the Union Indian agency at Muskogee.

The second stop-over after leaving Los Angeles was at Tucson, the ancient pueblo of the Salt River Valley. Seat of Arizona government until statehood when the enabling act designated Phoenix as the capital. Tucson is now a beautiful city, and counts in its assets many ancient landmarks, including old missions, one built in 1600, another in 1777. The old territorial capitol, University of California, a historical society, a beautiful park, intervening between the depot and the main city—a park margined with a wide spread of ground vines, inside of this, a magin line of tall trimmed pines towering fifty to seventy-five feet high. Still inside of this a thick-set hedge of blooming magnolias in which the Spanish umbrella tree, the pepper and other tropical shrubs mingle. The park is well pathed with cement walks through plots of green sward, and in the center spraying fountain in a circle reservoir. Street cars reach out in different dirccttions. While here the Traveler made his home at the Orndorf as guest of Landlord J. F. Whorton, who assigned him a large room on the second floor. This room is 20 feet square with windows reaching to the ceiling, 11 feet, and overlooking the main thoroughfares of the city. This room is kept especially for chosen guests. In this General Fremont made headquarters, as also did Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Col. Bill Cody, Col. Bryan and other eminents. The entire furniture settings is the same as that in Fremont's day. The writer promised to send a framed photo to hang on the old historic walls. Mr. Whorton is by no means a snob of the East, nor

The Orndorff—Mr. and Mrs. Wharton

a tenderfoot. He has been over the world somewhat and lived an active and varigated career. An Easterner by birth, he made himself usefully known in various fields including which was as a Washington correspondent. His father was quite prominent in political circles in his day, being close to President Lincoln and a member of his political houhehold. In early manhood Landlord Whorton caught the small wee whispering call of the wild and came west where he purchased the Orndorf. He is that genial and mixer class that commends itself to western tastes, and by his ever-bland welcome has become a favorite with tourists and the traveling public in general, as well as being held in high esteem by his home-people. Mr. Orndorff who in the 40's overhauled the old Phillips and re-vhristened it from the Phillips to the present name, is now prominent in business circles and in on the board of regency of state institutions with other "eminents." The Orndorf was first built in 1777 when the now great city was just budding into a Pueblo, when the friars were in command. Subsequently gone over in 1849. It was originally called the Phillips; next, the Commercial, then changed to the Orndorf by which name it now goes.

Tucson has a historical collection with Mr. Roulholtz in charge, who has gathered in a creditable collection of historic matter pertaining mostly to Arizona and the Salt Valley region, lobrary being housed in an ample room. Mr. Roulholtz is an old newspaper man who has taken the Keeley cure against that profession and devotes his time to the work in hand, and that without salary or fe. Arizona could well afford to make a small donation for carrying on this work which if neglected will in the future be regretted.

Where the Lid Has Never Been On

During the lay-over at El Paso, a brief visit was made across the Rio Grande to Juarez on the border-land of Mexico. It was Sunday morning, and as a passport was essential and none to be procured on this day, the Traveler had to resort to his fund of risk. Boarding a trolly car, the bridge was crossed, and on the other side a Mexican officer in rich uniform boarded to take up passports. When the Traveler was reached and he met the earnest, solemn and determined, yet pleasant face of that officer, he made

the venture. "Passport, please, senior," said the officer with a polite bow and natural smile. Assuming a bold front, a folder card with address and business on one side and a portrait of the Traveler on the other was handed him. The officer examined the card, the portrait and then carefully scanned the owner of that card. "The passport," senior," repeated the officer again with a bow and a smile. At this the Traveler rose, pointing to the card: "That, my friend, is a passport anywhere in the world." The officer evidently in somewhat of a puzzle again scanned first the carded man and then the card. "But this is no passport. It is not signed. Sorry, senior, but you must get off the car and go back. You get passport signed in El Paso tomorrow." The command to "get off the car and go back," came with an earnest irresistible, though with pleasing grace. The writer got off, and—the officer then passed on through the car to take up other passports. The Traveler did as commanded: got off the car, went back to El Paso. But not until he had made a tour of the quaint old border Mexican village with its bull ring, its Monte Carlo, the

My Passport Into Juarez, Mexico, Sunday Morning, September 25, 1921.

W. P. Campbell, Custodian in Charge State Historical Society, Oklahoma City, Okla., Publisher of "HISTORIA"

old St. Miguel church whose grim walls have stood the centuries and whose golden treasures ever sacred, ever under close vigilance, too sacred for vulgar eyes are still kept under religious vigilance. In Jaurez everything is wide open from peanuckle to Monte Carlo and bull fights, with a saloon on almost every corner and in between. Several of these were visited and in one a draught of real beer with a real broncho kick in it. Every resort was crowded and each doing a get-rich-quick business. Just across the bridge lies El Paso with its 90,000 thirsty throats, only six cents to Paradise where the elixir of the gods flows in endless streams, and where you can shake a pair o' dice without fear of the festive cop. So has the old town an outside limitless field from which to draw and thrive—all the vast bone-dry regions of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and visitors from every part of the world. While glasses made ceaseless music, and song and jigs and a happy throng was in each resort, the surprise at the utmost good order prevailing. Not a drunk man, not a dissolute woman was seen. Most of these saloons are run by Americans, who seem to be the Mexican's banc. Some of these, is is claimed, will sell to a customer as long as he can stand and then kick him out to be cared for by Mexican officers, who if the victim is an American, must be handled with gloves under menace of the American flag. Sometimes, it is claimed, the victim will have his pockets skinned before the kicking out process. But with the Mexican bar man it is different. One sufficiently full is refused further drinks, and if too far steeped his money is taken from him and religiously kept until he sobers up. Mexicans claim that too many Americans are domineering, and full of vain boasts, take all kinds of license and shield under the American flag, even on a foreign shore. Ex-Governor Lee Crue has a cousin in Juarez who owns and controls one of the biggest saloons in the town. This cousin takes pride in referring to his "cousin Senior LaCruse, governor segund les Stades Oklahoma les United Stades."

The Traveler visited El Paso and Juarez 32 years ago when with a party of something like one hundred Kansas editors with their own wives or some one's, their sweethearts or alone visited Chihuahua. The temptation is great to say many things about that trip, but space forbids. You plant the sprout and it becomes in time a mighty oak. As you watch it daily you do not see it grow. It is only when time intervens between the planting and its growth you then notice the change. So El Paso has grown from a mere place at the foot of the higher hills, a desert of sand with only cactus to relieve the dearth; now a teeming city of 90,000 thrifty people, with a complement of fine homes, beautiful parks and sky-scraper business marts. Where the big brick Hotel Campbell with its modern furnishings now stands then stood the only hotel, a small one-story frame. There were sidewalks, no paving, no street-lights—sand, sand, through which you had to plod, and goggle your eyes to keep out the sand-blow.

So has Juarez grown, though not as has El Paso, just across the border line—Rio Grande—in Texas. But from a mere post with a few squatty adobes, it is now a real Mexican city of thrift and enterprise. Now, those who have lived in these cities ever since that day, and actually contributed to the great changes, did not see them grow whereas those who have not seen them since that day, and naturally holding them still in prospect as they appeared of yore, is overwhelmed at the wonderful improvements, the wonderful strides in the trail after commercial and home-comfort supremacy. While El Paso is the great commercial center; Juarez, being so near the border, accessible by trolley, automobile, and even on foot just across the Rio Grande as border line with its foot and railroad bridges—just this brief span between the Blue laws and—a saloon on every corner and

At El Paso a most delightful season was spent at the home of Miss Zora and Florence Hutzell on West Boulevard, and which included a delicious "home-made" banquet. The Hutzells were neighbors back in Wamego, Kansas, when Zora and Florence were mere children, now grown to beautiful and charming womanhood. Their brother Feyette, who learned the printing art with the Traveler on his old Wamego Reporter, is in Los Angeles, where a number of pleasant hours were exhausted with him conning over old Kansas times.

Another pleasant feature of the El Paso lay-over was a visit to the Texas Turquoise company where Mrs. A. D. Hudson is in charge, extended unstinted courtesies, and bestowed a number of polished gems and other specimens of stone jewels one of which consisted of a vial full of turquoise sets from the El Paso mines controlled by this firm, which, however, in some way got lost. But the spirit promting the contribution is appreciated as much as though it had not gotten away. This firm is one of the most extensive dealers in gems in the west, as well as among the longest established, having occupied their present quarters for over fifteen years. Anyone having stones to polish or who wishes to purchase anything in the gem line need not hesitate to place their order, either in person or by mail, with this unquestionably reliable firm.

Romance of the Train—Chapter II.

Her complexion was fair,
With dark flowing hair;
Of Ilion a delicate strain.
And I ne'er shall forget,
Till life's star is set,
The sweet little girl
I met on the train.

Her voice soft and low,
With a musical flow,
Frank, and yet void is of vain,
And I ne'er shall forget,
Till life's star shall set,
The sweet little girl.
I met on the train.

A change from the Santa Fe to the Rock Island at Tucumcari involves a lay-over from noon until early twilight. When a few miles out from the station the Traveler has his cheeks buried in his hands, elbows on the open window sill as he gazes off into the smoky distance, his mind for the moment in the midst of nil. To the south a broken ring of hazy light circles about the low swinging moon, and off in the early twilight a dorsel of golden drapery lays the boundry of drowsy day, where purple blends with crimson and sunset arrows shoot up in spindles of fiery glow, merging in the silver of higher skies, as the fair goddess of evening rides the star-gemmed car of night, all conspiring in an enthralling scene.

Bewildering charm of sunset shades,
Where Clymene bathes the panoply of night
In a shower of golden spray;
Transfixed we stand, at the wondrous sight
Amazed, and lost in reverie.

Gradually the skies darken and spread out in a crystal expanse over which stars keep vigil reflecting diamond lusters on the gently waving mirror below. Beyond the utmost rim of this liquid sheen two forms in the drapery of light rise up—pale shades that move without force. Then slowly the waters sink, swallowed by the thirsty sands. And short way again may be seen two forms rise up from the mirage main like ghosts in shrouds of airy white. One displays in faint outline a velvet crown, and a corsage front of crimson that reflects vague purple, and spangles that mock the gleaming settings on the mirage sands. The vision passes, and the Traveler draws within from the window, rubs his eyes a moment as if arousing from a sleep. Rises, stretches, and strives to regain self, then languidly drops into the seat, turns face to the rear, resting his chin on the seat back. A few seats farther back may be noticed two figures, whose attire proclaims them as females, their backs to the Traveler. One is leaning against the side casing of the window, evidently in the land of doze, her face shaded with her hand. The other's face is nestled in the bosom of the first described. Again he wonders in swift fancy as—

The mind once more takes capricious flight,
Hither and thither on pinions of light,
A spirit flirting from place to place,
Overcoming time and space.

Again to the scene in the car on the way out, the story of the struggles in the flood, the rescue, Mrs. Gab and Mr. Drum, and the woman with seal brown hat, and the parting scene at Palmer Lake. Then shifting to the present he is on the window end of the rearward seat. Nestled on his bosom is Veva, though somewhat changed in atttire, her hair no longer in flowing waves, but hanging in a braid down her back. Notwithstanding the more modern attire and style in hair arrangement there is slight disappointment—it is not she whom he met on the way out. And a moment he inadvertantly gazes out; then on turning he finds himself looking down into—not the changed countenance, but responsive to wish it is the face of Veva—the Veva he met on the outgoing way, with flowing hair and beaded headband. And looks up so fondly shy as two white-gowned arms again encircle his neck, and as faces rearward: "Would it be wrong for Veva?" That moment! Eternity of bliss! Lingering charm of sweetened chrism!

It is well in the night and occupants of the coach have stretched each in the embrace of noiseless sleep, not a single snore. Outside all nature seems hushed in the bewitching sorcery of night, save low soft murmur of a threading stream lulling to slumber the indolent winds. Off in the near distance rise the sparsely wooded hills where velvet shadows dance in baton time to tuneful leaves. Skirting the foothills a crystal lake over which a miriad of saltant stars dance in arial reels reflecting in shimering mirage in the glassy depths like lighted tapirs in a buried world. Just that silence of awe that tempts the keeper of the poppy cave to venture forth. The Traveler endeavors to brush away intruding reveries, and finally joins the other occupants in the kindly folds of sweet sleep in which the truant mind takes license with the resting body to stray once more in vision paths. Returns once more the scenes of the outward way. But with the broad light and the waking sleepers the truant mind returns and the Traveler is himself again.

But as the fickle matron of the skies,
From her chariot a moment designs to halt,
To bathe the Traveler's brow with tears,
Nor sorrow, but joy, exultant in her conquest,
Over receptive victims of her amorous jest,
Mounts again, and scales the gilded bars,
Nor further reckons the sleepers idle fears,
Who wakes to find love's realm a habitless vault.

A sudden lurch of the car arouses him, as it also does fort he brushes away the reverie, faces toward the erstwhile the sleeping twain to the rear of him. With successful efsleepers to rear, who by this time have faced about and secured comfortabzle positions, though reversed.

A moment he gazes abstractly down at the two women, then a moment as if searching his mind.

Can all this be real?
Or does some wierd deception
O'er the sense prevail?

The Traveler arouses from sweet reverie with slight self-reprove, and dismissing the intruder returns to the realm of sober reason. But inadvertantly he casts optics to the rear just as the mysterious twain straighten from their brief rest. He has involuntarily sauntered back as the twain reverse positions, they cast their vision about and—an expression of surprise, then of amazement as their eyes meet those of the Traveler. Then a reason of mutual recognition. The Traveler is motioned to take the seat in front, the trio thus visa vi. For a time three faces bend over the narrow chasm until their brows almost meet and for some time there are low voices mingling in recitals, in each other's past, where bitter and sweet have mingled. But it were better to lower the valance until— * * *

After arriving home a letter came in a white envelope with Amarillo postmark, and addressed in a fine and delicate hand. Although the Traveler spent some hours in Amarillo, he recalled meeting no female, and this was no doubt the hand of some female. There was a brief parly with self, with more or less recurring visions backward to the past scenes related. Opening the envelope he draws forth a photograph with no sign or indication. But there was no mistake as to its identity. As he crumples the envelope to cast it into the waste he notices a slip of paper adhering to the inside. He takes this out, and there in the same fine and delicate hand "Veva sends picture as she tell you on the car. Maybe sometime you write for Veva. Maybe then you do never any more go way from her."

The itinery included: Kansas, Newton; Colorado, Denver, Pueblo; Utah—Salt Lake; California, Alhambra, Avalon, Balboa Beech, Culver City, Eagle Rock City, Edendale, Gardena, Garavanza, Glendale, Harbor City, Hollywood, Jolla Caves, Los Angelcs, Maywood, Mt. Lowe, Mt. Wilson, Mixville, Newport Beech, Pasadena, Palms, Redonda Beech, Riverside, San Pedro, San Gabriel, Harbor, Santa Minco, Sawtell, Sycamore Grove, Venice Beech, Wilmington Beech. On the return: Arizona, Maricopa, Phoenix, Tucson. New Mexico, Tucumcari. Texas, El Paso, Amarillo. Mexico, Juarez. Oklahoma: Texola.

The route traveled was via the Santa Fe System—main line to Pueblo where a side-trip was provided to Denver. From Pueblo to Salt Lake. On the Western Pacific to San Francisco, crossing the Bay from Oakland, a real romantic water way, with the beautiful Oakland in the rear, the high rising island of Alameda which is bounded by the steamer on the way across, and San Francisco wharfage, and the great city on the higher lands beyond. From San Francisco on the return via coast line to Los Angeles and thence via Maricopa and Tucson to El Paso via Southern Pacific, and via Tucumcari, New Mexico, and Amarillo, Texas, crossing the Texas-Oklahoma border at Texola. With the exception of a few miles through Eastern Colorado the line is never out of a valley the entire way going and coming; scarcely a cut or fill, and very few bridges and culverts. This makes the way a safer one with delays and accidents to the minimum. And yet, do not for a moment think the route a monotonous one nor too swift for ample observation, the speed being an average of not to exceed thirty miles an hour, with but few stops; however, it makes up for lack of "cannon ball" speed. For on either side of the iron trail the entire way rise up from foothills the great mountain ranges with their varigated brown and green serrate combs and Babel-towering peaks, sometimes in rubbing distance, then in the farther smoky reaches. Thus is the way a continuous route of scenic shift of beauty and dazzling wonder. And, too, you will find everyone connected with the train service the soul of politeness and pains-taking in looking after the comfort of tourists. If you have never before visited the Pacific, Historia feels free to commend this route. Round-trips entitle to a stop-over at any point on the way.

In going from Oklahoma to California and return one will be surprised at the vast domain he will see from his window of untamed valley lands, with as latent promise as any land the plow ever disturbed. He will also be surprised at the extent of lands never touched by the hand of husbandry. It is safe to say that from Los Angeles until the Texas Panhandle he will look out upon not less than 200,000,000 acres of this untamed land—sufficient to home every homeless head of family in the United States. Why is all this? Can it be that this semi-continent of latent luxury is owned by vast landed interests and held at such figures as to make a home unattainable by the man of small means? True, the rivers and streams are but rivers and streams of sand over which water never flows. But there is scarcely an acre where water cannot be reached at a depth of ten to thirty, or forty feet at the most, with an inexhaustible underflow. Then why is it permitted to remain untouched by industry? Do rich interests pay a tax on their holdings anywhere in sight of valuations or prices demanded to the home-seeker? If not, why? Do they so Historia his speech on the "American Oven Shop will control legislatures as to throttle laws compelling them to pay at least a mede of taxes? Do they control courts to render decisions making them immune? Would they hold this domain from market if laws compelled them to pay a tax on a valuation of say only one-tenth of their asking price? Will the homeless man, the homeless woman ever learn that no one has a single right without asserting it; without assering it; without the gift to maintain that right? Don't say the homeless do not want homes. Give the Historia man a concession of say ten to fifteen thousand acres of this land in compact form as convenient, in reachable terms, and he promises that within ninety days he can organize a colony of fifty heads of families each with two to five thousand dollars and willing hands who will dare the life of the wild to make a home, to make this land which now sprouts nothing but sage-brush and cactus bloom with flowers, groan with fruitage and lay green with grains and other vendure. Now when you read this, will letters follow after this import?

San Francisco—Los Angeles—or—
Headquarters Land Department—

Publisher Historia, Oklahoma City.

Dear Sir:—I have read your review of California trip from start to finish, and have been much interested, especcially in your land suggestions, in defference to which permit me to say that this company will place at your option amount of lands indicated, and that on such terms that we feel sure you will find reasonable. For any detail we will be pleased to hear from you either in person, by accredited representative, or by correspondence. Holding myself on behalf of this company ready and anxious to cooperate with you on your suggested lines, I am, etc.

Land Commissioner.

Mrs. Quinton of Lafayette, Indiana, writes to know how the town of Kingfisher was named. There are two versions: One that in an early day two pioneers lived near neighbors on a small stream. One of these pioneers was named King and the other was named Fisher. Each lived on the same small stream. Persons traveling through who happened to camp at Kings would call the stream King Creek. Those who happened to camp with Fisher would call it Fisher Creek. Finally the names were hyphenated into King-Fisher; later the hyphen was dropped. What became of Fisher, Historia is unable to answer, but King subsequently moved to Evalde, Texas, where he served as deputy sheriff and where he died about twenty years ago. The old house where he lived was at last accounts still standing. A daughter resides at Crystal City, Texas.

An old provert says that when the cat's away the mice will play. And even so, a few things happened during the Custodian's absence. President Jasper Sipes returned from his extended trip across the pond, full of pleasure-tales of the various points of his itinery, including the land of hether and bag pipes. Vice-President Anton H. Classen absented on a few weeks recreation and rest from the strain of street railway and other duties, leaving our other vice-president, Judge Thomas H. Doyle to do the warrant-signing and claim O. K. amenitics.

Brother Buch, now serving a fourth term in the legislature, received an appointment as receiver of the United States land office at Guthrie where he has moved with his family and taken charge of the land office. Wayne Campbell stole away for a month's attendance at a college of eminent professors of dramatic art met in convention far an exchange of experiences, observation and ideas, and on his return established a studio on Sixth street with an enthus-Historical Society library and cataloging, secured a more lucrative position at the University, leaving the position vacant. But the Oklahoma Historical Society was found in its usual ship-state of order under the vigilent care of Major Thoburn and the ever-loyal Miss Edith Rose Keen, with snatched hours when Wayne lent a helping hand, Mrs. Conlan doing outside work.

"Suggestion for a movie: Killum, stuttering: J-J-J-ust s-s-eems s-s-s-tart something. (It's catching). Joe—L-l-l-etergo, k-k--k-ill." Sis: "Y-y-e-s, B-bb- killy; d-d-do s-s-t-t-tart something" Killum retches and yawns; (it's catching.) Joe yawns, sis yawns, and one by one until the entire gang is in a yawn.

Hon. Thomas L. Biaton, M. C., from Texas, sends Emancipate the Press" in H. R., July 28, 1921.

OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Besides those mentioned here, forty-one whom were handed in at the October meeting by Miss Edith R. Keen, every editor who sends his publication is automatically a member, covering every town and city in the State where a newspaper is published; those given covering fifty-three points. Send one dollar and become a member and receivee Historia regularly.

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Tulsa—Clarence B. Douglas, Tate Brady, Frank H. Greer, Mrs. Fred W. Purdy, Mrs. G. Earle Shafer, Henry W. C. Shelden, Mrs. Woodson Norvell, L. J. B. Rooney.
Valliant—Edmond J. Gardner.
Vinita—Mrs. G. Couch, Mrs. A. F. Chamberlain.
Washington (D. C.)—Hon. J. W. Harreld, Hon. C. D. Carter.
Waurika—H. V. Bird.
Wewoka—John W. Wilmott.
Wilburton—Mrs. John Randolph Frasier.
Wynnewood—Mrs. Daisey Clemens.

Public program St. Louis Centenial October 5 to 15, auspices St. Louis Centenial association of which David R. Francis is president, E. M. Delottle, historian, and Eugena Turner, Secretary.

John and Al Jennings from Oklahoma are in Los Angeles. The former is in the law practice and was visited but Al was like the Dutchman's pigs—he had eleven, and one more which dodged about so fast he couldn't count it.

President Jasper Sopes of the Oklahoma Historical Society will furnish Historia a brief of his personal impressions gathered while on a trip across the waters, when he visited France, Great Britain, Scotland and other foreign lands. Mr. Sipes used to sling a fluent pen and it has no doubt not forgot its cunning; henc ereaders of Historia may expect something at least passably entertaining, if not more so.

While on the California trip 183 bound volumes of rare books on India, border wars, border life, pioneers, cowboys, western history, etc., were secured. Also a large bunch of unbound literature from the various points of the itinery. Many of these are historic, descriptive, statistical and illustrated. See lists.

After all it seems good to get back to Oklahoma. True she has no ocean fronts with their beeches, nor are her hills as high, nor valleys as long and wide; nor yet her climate of the year-around sameness as in California, especially in the range of Los Angeles where the weather gauge never records over 70 nor under 60. But Oklahoma hills rise sufficiently skyward and her peaks sufficiently sharp and towering to afford as much scenic effect as they rise up from the valley and climb farther toward the heavens. Instead of rivers and streams being only beds of sand over which water never flows, her rivers spread in watery sheens the year round, and her streams continually gurgle down to large waters murmuring a sweeter cadence. Her hills and peaks do not rise up cold and barren, but are heavy crowned from foothill mezas to summits with rich leaved foliage, and embowering shades natures-set and in profusion. Her valleys and upper plains are not a sightless waste where sage brush holds carnival with sand dunes, but lay in a golden carpet at harvest time and in richest green during the growing season. Her rocky cliffs and gorges and caves are as weird and romantic, and her forests are thicker studded and more varigated. She has no magnolia, but her homes, city and rural, are adorned with year-round bloom of endless variety, except flowers of the tropics, and even they are with us in hot-houses and in pots. She does not grow figs and oranges, but apples, pears, apricots, plums, grapes, cherries, etc., grow green the orchards with their wealth of fruitage. Nor do they require irrigation, but grow under the summer suns refreshed with trenchant showers. You do not tire in this climate which has its shifts.

Here we have the seasons, the real, pendable seasons—Spring with its tender blades and opening buds, and its bowers in young leafage, and birds in the mating as they now flit among the branches, now cooing love's woodland song and building homes in eaves and in the trees. Wild flowers fleck the meadows and fragrant bloom deck the hursts and orchard; season of tasseling corn, of ripening fruits, of golden sheaves and teeming vegetable life. Fall with its hazy suns, its balmy air, and leaves of green that blends with purple and gold. Season of the garner with heaving bins, and full larders. Winter with its falling leaves, its snowy carpets, its holiday joys. Who could envy any other land any charm? For Oklahoma has them all bested as a land of diversified products as well as diversified climate.

TWO NOTED PAYNE COUNTY CITIZENS DEAD

James Dunkin and Charles Barger.

By Mat Dunkin.

JAMES DUNKIN.—One of the first settlers of eastern Payne county, who died suddenly in Cushing last July, was an extraordinary figure in Payne county. He owned one of the best farms in the Great Bend, raised a large family, was an active politician, made his five boys pay for their raising; was an ardent member of the Saints of God church, and those who claimed to have known his history while in his native state of Kentucky, said he was a son of the famous Henry Clay.

In spite of his very limited education, James Dunkin was a powerful local "statesman," considerable of a lawyer, and loved to be engaged in law-suits. He prided himself on having made his sons pay for their raising from their birth to their 21st year, when he gave each $50 and a good horse. Most of the Dunkin boys are now pretty well fixed in worldly chattels. He had removed from his palatial residence in the Great Bend to Cushing, where he died when nearly 80 years old.

CHARLES BARGER.—Charles Barger, alias Barefoot Charley, who lived many years in eastern Payne county between Tiger and Euchee creeks, Creek county, was one of the most industrious and spectacular men who ever lived in Oklahoma. He went barefoot all of his long life, including through the four years of Civil War, as a soldier in the Federal army, and walked into the White House shoeless, bootless and sockless.

Mr. Barger's feet were as hard as steel; he often stood on the head of a rattlesnake and spat tobacco juice into its mouth. He lived for several years in Arizona, where he crushed many a gila monster with his bare feet.

He lived a few years in Florida, where he raised aligators and perpetually growing water melons. He returned to the Cushing, Oklahoma, neighborhood a few years before his death.

"Barefoot Charley" was a very successful catcher of fish. While living near the present Pemetah, betwen Tiger and Euchee creeks. He was called "the Fish Wizard," as he often drove shoals of fish from the Cimarron into his seins, and often caught wagon loads of fish.

As a Los Angeles co-incidence, the writer met Mr. E. C. Williams, of the Los Angeles Evening Herald, whose father was the first marshal of Enid, and who was killed by Receiver Patterson of the United States Land Office, and who in turn killed Patterson. Now here is the co-incident: J. L. Isenberg who was responsible for the tragedy alone lives in Los Angeles, neither knowing the other resides there. The story of the killing in brief is: Isenberg, founder of the Enid Wave at the time of the Cherokee Strip opening in 1893, published an article about Patterson which so angered him that he went gunning. But Isenberg believed in safety first. Just then Marshal Williams put in an appearance and Patterson turned his gun on him, the ball entering just below the ear. Patterson made a dive for the outside to find Isenberg. Williams, though with a mortal wound, stepped to the door and leveled on Patterson, killing him instantly, at the same time dropping dead from his wound.

Matt Dunbar may well claim championship as the veteran newspaper man and general writer in Oklahoma, celebrating his 83rd birthday on October 24. He was born in Luxemburg and came to America when about 7 years of age. Mr. Duhr on his anniversary received numberless letters of congratulations with well-wishes and hope that he may safely pass the centenary mark, which he looks as if he would do with years to spare, as he is as nimble today as a man of 40, and looks scarcely older than that.

Now look for Guthrie on the map in black letters. And why not? She has more railroads than any other city in the State except Enid. She has the Cimarron and Cottonwood rivers on her borders. She has one of the finest race courses in the State. She has the only municipal bath house in the United States with all kinds of water—salt, brimide, iron, etc.—hot and cold. She has well under way the largest Masonic Temple in the world and is sure to become the mecca for Shriners of the entire United States. She has two great newspapers—Leslie G. Niblack with his Dailer Leader, and Senator John Galobie with his State Register. And then she still has—Judges Bierer, Dale and Bowls, Charley Filson, Henry Ardery, Chris Madson, Bob Chilcott and Matt Duhr. Oh, yes—Buck Campbell.

Yes, the lid is on tight in every state through which our route lay, and can be opened only by dropping five dollars a pint in the slot.

The Southern Booksellers' Association of Southern California has memoralized congress, protesting against portions of the Fordney Tariff Bill in re valuation methods and duties on old public actions. There are twenty-five booksellers in Los Angeles not including periodical vendors.

Historia is exceedingly pleased to acknowledge receipt of volumes one and two of the Anthology and Biblography of Niagara Falls, by Charles Mason Dow, and published by the J. B. Lyon Company, printers, New York, 1921. These volumes are bound in cloth and contain an aggregate of 1,400 pages, courtesy of the author.

Hon Richard Johnson of the Bureau of Railway Economics, Washington City, writes Historia for information concerning an Oklahoma book—"Iodine and gasoline." Who knows?